

Atlantic Insight

MAY 1985
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CITYSTYLE

A close-up portrait of Dan Ross, a middle-aged man with thinning hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a blue and white striped shirt, and a patterned bow tie. He is smiling slightly and looking directly at the camera. The background is a blurred bookshelf filled with books.

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Atlantic Insight

MAY 1985 Vol. 7 No.5

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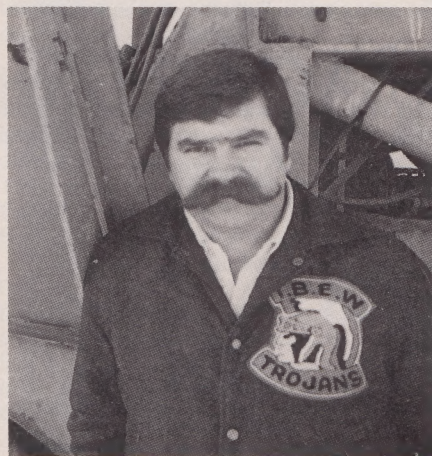


COVER STORY

Dan Ross is a ladies' man. He's a throw-back to more romantic days and millions of women eagerly devour his every word. This Saint John native has churned out 319 novels, most of them romances, and while he is Canada's most widely read author he is also one of its least known. At 72 he shows no signs of slowing down either his writing or his hobnobbing with the jet set.

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES WILSON



BUSINESS

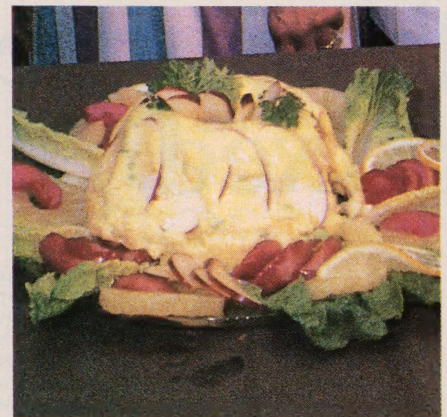
Big dreams and visions of wealth greeted the arrival of drilling rigs in Cape Breton in 1983. In less than a year the boom went bust, leaving dry holes, unpaid and bitter creditors and many unanswered questions about the federal government's now-defunct Petroleum Incentives Program.

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OCEANS

People in Moncton don't like to admit it, but the Petitcodiac River is deteriorating. The famous tidal bore is almost gone, the river is badly silted, the salmon run is sporadic and sewage fouls Petitcodiac Lake. It's all because they built a causeway in 1968.

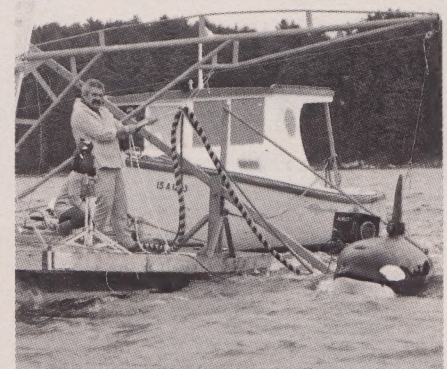
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FOOD

Give in to temptation. Apples are the best known of all fruits because of their alluring flavor. This month we feature the four winning recipes from the Great Nova Scotia Apple Cook-off contest. They're the most tempting apple ideas since Eve decided she couldn't resist any more.

PAGE 32



SPECIAL REPORT

Atlantic Canada's fledgling film industry is in danger of crumbling under the onslaught of federal funding cuts for the arts. But there is hope, some producers say, if filmmakers are willing to produce more commercial products.

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

A people proud as there's been. Rita MacNeil's people

In 1975, six women journalists got together to write a book about 12 women who were pursuing lives and careers of their own in Canada. The choice was broad; one writer from Winnipeg wrote about her mother; another wrote about broadcaster Barbara Frum; a third about Abbie Hoffman, then a track star, now a sports administrator; another about writer Margaret Atwood. Among the dozen was Cape Breton singer and songwriter Rita MacNeil.

In the early 1970s Rita MacNeil lived and worked for a time in Toronto. She was very much admired by women active in the women's movement at that time; indeed a collection of her songs was published by *Women's Press*, a small publishing house based in that city.

A year ago I was talking about the book of profiles to one of the authors, and we were wondering what became of the women featured in it. After we'd talked about the others, we came to Rita MacNeil. "Whatever happened to her?" I was asked.

There's probably no one in Cape Breton who couldn't answer that question. Rita MacNeil was a star who went to Toronto — and came back. Back to her home and her roots. Back to where the music she writes and sings comes from.

That story came to mind recently at a special fund-raising concert at the Rebecca Cohn auditorium in Halifax, one in a series of three billed as "Carpet the Cohn." A number of performers contributed their services at no charge and the proceeds from the three different shows — at \$20 a seat — are to be used to pay for much-needed replacement of the auditorium's worn out carpeting.

The final concert was presented by such performers as: The Cape Breton Fiddlers, the fabulous Doorknobs (from the *Rise and Follies of Cape Breton*), General John Cabot Trail, John Allan Cameron — and Rita MacNeil.

Rita MacNeil is a spellbinding performer. She must be shy; but as she feels the warmth of an audience she relaxes, lets down her guard, and sings her songs with great confidence. There were a lot of love songs that night, but Rita closed her set with *Workin' Man*, a song celebrating the coal miners of Cape Breton and their pride in work which all too often has been the ruin of their lives and health.

The audience gave her a thunderous standing ovation for the set and this song. It was the response of people who hear their own heritage, their own experience, their own lives and hopes reflected and celebrated in the work of an artist and performer who belongs to them.

For too long our artists and our stars, like so many other Maritimers and Newfoundlanders, have had to leave to find their audiences and be able to work. But not everyone has left — and some, like Rita, have come back. The result is that we have among us great stars and wonderful talent.

Atlantic Canada is blessed with some wonderful songs, new and traditional. With no coaching at all, the whole audience sang the beautiful *Song of the Myra* with John Allan Cameron. Then, when all the evening's artists came back on stage to conclude the performance, Kenzie MacNeil led everyone, onstage and in the audience, in his anthem, *Song of Cape Breton*. "We are a people as proud as there's been," we all sang, "the home of our hearts, Cape Breton."

"A people as proud as there's been": knowing this to be true, saying so out loud, reminding ourselves of who we are and our place in the world — that is what our artists and performers are doing. They are doing it everywhere in Atlantic Canada — in English, in French, and in the languages of the native peoples.

Rita MacNeil has disappeared from the point of view of Toronto, but she is here, doing the work that she should be doing. We need her, and we need others like her, to tell us who we are — and to help us define our future in Atlantic Canada.

— James Lorimer

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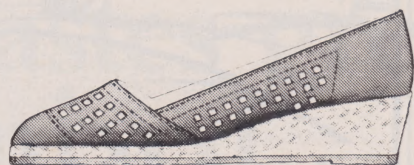
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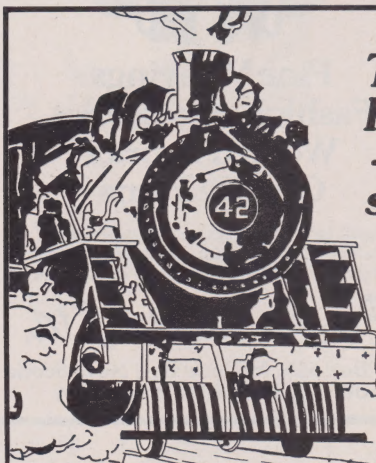
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FEEDBACK

Faithful subscriber rewarded

I'm not one of your more alert readers. I had no idea you were once again in financial hot water, and I'd put down the late arrival of the last couple of issues to the usual shenanigans of Canada Post. Now I know the truth, I'm delighted to hear that you are still alive, well, and living in Halifax. I'd miss *Atlantic Insight* very much if you weren't. I actually prefer your new, lean look. I've grown tired of hacking my way through jungles of life-style and advertising pull-outs to reach Harry Bruce, Ralph Surette, Ray Guy and all your *real* writing and reporting. I hope you keep it up and I wish every possible power to your collective and inky elbows. I remain your faithful subscriber.

Richard Brown
Dartmouth, N.S.

No sour grapes

The article *Grapes take root in Nova Scotia* (January, 1985) is deserving of comment. Hans Jost and the other grape growers in Nova Scotia are to be congratulated and we at Andres Wines hope that we will be able to purchase locally grown grapes at some point in time as varieties are developed which are suitable to our needs. The article stated that we produce wine from concentrate. This is not correct. Andres products are produced from whole California grapes which are the vinifera variety and which we believe (as do the Nova Scotia grape growers) produces a better wine. We are honored that Hans Jost has chosen our company to bottle his first wines, which should be available later this year.

Ralph M. Logan
President
Andres Wines Atlantic Ltd.
Halifax

Dropout crisis teachers' fault?

To quote it out of context, Victoria O'Dea's article on the dropout rate in Newfoundland schools (February, 1985) states that teachers are the ones who can do most to solve the problem. That is an over-simplification which is not true. In most cases, there is actually very little that teachers can do. O'Dea says many dropouts cite their teachers' attitudes as a major reason for quitting school. This point needs some examination. I would suggest that, in most cases, the dropouts' attitudes are what put them out of school — not the teachers'. Any teacher worth his or her salt demands that students perform up to the limits of their abilities. Many students who drop out are unwilling to invest the time and effort required to be successful in school — they resent the teachers' demands and drop out. (This is also an over-simplification, but it is true.) O'Dea did not mention parents. Why not? Have parents abdicated all responsibility for their children? When a 16-year-old decides to quit school, surely the parents

have a responsibility. Parents have more influence than teachers in shaping children's attitudes. The Newfoundland school curriculum also went unmentioned. It is a very narrow academic curriculum with little to interest students with limited scholastic skills, so many of these people become frustrated and drop out. Broadening the curriculum is a social and political problem, requiring large expenditures of money. It cannot be solved by teachers.

*Martin Janes
Norris Point
Newfoundland*

Reader disgruntled

It is with some regret that after much deliberation I am not renewing my subscription to *Atlantic Insight*. As a long-time subscriber, I have been disappointed at the direction *Insight* seems to be taking. From my perspective, it has undergone a real decline in the past year or so. Frankly, Ralph Surette's columns are about all I can read these days. The worst part is that the magazine's design has deteriorated so drastically that I often have difficulty even finding Ralph's columns. *Insight* appears to be increasingly oriented to commercial interests and in the process it becomes harder and harder to distinguish the articles from the advertisements. Both would benefit from more attractive layout. Be assured that I will keep an eye on your magazine and subscribe when it once again reflects the integrity and quality of days gone by. Until then, I will have to read Ralph Surette's columns at the public library.

*S. Hower
Great Island
Medway Harbour, N.S.*

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Sail-assist and high tech: answers blowing in the wind

Thanks to economics and technology, the age of wind and sail is making a comeback. It's another question whether Nova Scotians will grasp the opportunity to blend the best of the past with the best of the future

by Phil Thompson

When famed Nova Scotia ship-builder W.D. Lawrence docked in London aboard what was then the biggest sailing ship in the world, he remarked how surprising it was to find fully three-quarters of nearby vessels built and registered in his home province — and skipped by Nova Scotians.

That fabled Golden Age is long gone, almost literally with the wind. But thanks to economics, technology and changing tastes, the age of wind and sail is making a comeback.

The majestic Parade of the Tall Ships in Halifax and Sydney harbors last summer had something to do with it. So did the announcement that Halifax's Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, the oldest yacht club in North America, would be the host club for Canada's entry in the 1987 America's Cup Challenge in Australia. So did the grant of \$1.5 million by the Nova Scotia government towards building the yacht *True North*, Canada's hope for wrestling the America's Cup from the Australians.

But there's more to the revival of wind and sail than the glamor of tall ships and the glorious prospect of winning the America's Cup. Sail technology and the economics of employing it have been examined by some of the best minds, who call it high tech, not low sentiment. What they are saying is that with oil prices high and destined to go higher, sail could provide a boost for motorized vessels ranging from small fishing boats to large freighters.

Thirty years ago few criticized the abandonment of sail and the adoption by inshore fishermen of the wide-sterned "Cape Island" boat now standard on the Atlantic coast. But today, some designers think that the Cape Islander is like a 1950s pickup with a big V8 engine in a world of economical Datsuns and Toyotas.

In Lunenburg County, N.S., John Steele and Tom Daly, of Covey Island Boatworks, have pioneered wood/epoxy construction techniques to create new hull designs with the beauty of wood and the maintenance schedules of fibreglass for sail-assisted vessels.

The firm believes that "we have the same opportunities to lead the world in marine innovation as the Americans, Norwegians or Japanese." So far, however, ef-

forts to persuade the provincial Fisheries Loan Board to approve sail assisted fishing craft have met with a typical response along the lines of "We're not interested in financing yachts for fishermen."

Meanwhile South West Sails of La-Have, also in Lunenburg County, has retrofitted a 65-foot longliner to show that modern high tech sailrigs could cut fuel costs dramatically, — something that in fact has been done with various types of ships throughout the world in recent years.

South West Sails combined the best of the past (square rig) with the best of the future (hydraulic ram, computer assist) with modern sail design. According to company head David Prior: "There is interest all over the world, and we're aiming for an exciting export market, particularly in North America."

A sail retrofit takes the strain off the engine in a fair wind. This is particularly helpful at the higher speeds which is when a vessel burns the most fuel. Safety was the mother of Prior's invention. "A skipper came to me when I was working with a local sailmaker. He had nearly lost it all when his engine gave out five miles off. He asked if I could design a good sturdy sail rig that would get him home."

Sails will do far more than just "get us home," according to those who are working to perfect them. Lloyd Bergeson, a former naval architect designing nuclear submarines — he quit when he decided that the world already had enough of them — and author of a leading American study on wind propulsion, says that properly built sailrigs are "stable and reliable, requiring no additional crew, and are advantageous when used with conventional screw power." He prefers the "wing sail" rig, which looks like an aircraft wing rising up from the ship's deck, for its "simplicity, performance and cost-effectiveness."

Adoption of sail-assist by 20 per cent of the world's shipping would save about 91 million barrels of oil annually (worth more than \$3 billion a year), according to various experts in the field. One of these, Jack Shorthall of the University of South Florida, foresees that fishing vessels could save 30 to 40 per cent of their fuel costs with sails. Closer to home, Chris Cooper, a naval architect with the federal Department of Fisheries and Oceans, has monitored wind patterns off Nova Scotia, so he can be in

a position to advise fishermen if sail would help in particular regions.

Meanwhile, Clipper Cargoes Ltd. of England recently began a sailing freighter service between Britain and the West Indies. The designers wanted to see if they could beat the high costs of fuel which had driven some small companies out of business. With expected fuel savings of more than \$30,000 per trip, the owners expect to build five new 100-foot sailing freighters to expand the service.


What about Maritime inshore fishermen?

John Versteeg feels sail-assist could provide salvation for a troubled inshore fishery. He's been operating out of Jeddore, on the Eastern Shore of Nova Scotia, for years. "I love sailing, and I often wonder how we will survive without gasoline or diesel if there is another fuel crisis in 10 years. Most young fishermen just laugh at me, but the oldtimers remember sail and think it's a great idea to go back to it."

Versteeg, who supplements his fishing income with winter writing, photography and video production, calls fishermen the "best technology imitators around." If a reasonably-priced approach to a square rig sail and simple rigging becomes well known, he says, fishermen would retrofit their own boats. To make sail-assist widely available, "we would have to depend on local cottage industry, sail makers, wooden spars, and so on. There is a market for high-tech, fully manufactured units, but not so much in the poorer inshore fishery."

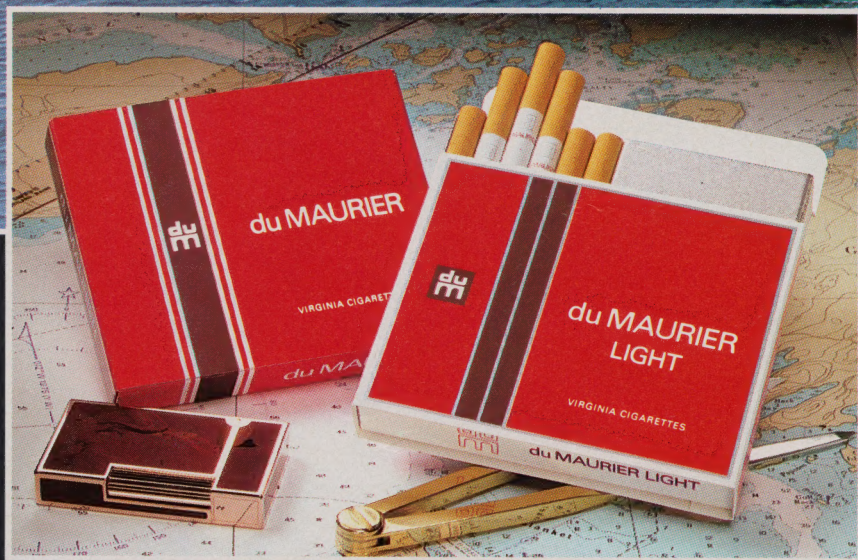
Versteeg has been developing a sail-assist retrofit for his fishing boat, and thinks he can save 50 per cent of fuel costs for every kind of fishing except lobstering "which would only be around 10 to 20 per cent, since we need motors for moving from trap to trap." Retrofitting existing boats, according to Versteeg, is only the beginning. "What we really need are new boat designs, something like the old motorsailers made for 80 per cent sail and 20 per cent motor. If fishermen would change their habits slightly, be willing to take a little longer to get to the fishing grounds, they could cut bait on the way — make the best use of the time. After all, the wind is free."

Developing sail-assist vessels could provide economic spin-offs for small coastal communities. Work would be created for self-employed sailmakers, spar builders, riggers, shipwrights and designers. It could mean survival for independent fishermen, many of whom would rather die than be shackled to a government-controlled mega-fishery; opportunities for chartering "small tall ships" for the tourist trade; and manufacturing opportunities for high tech sail-assist retrofit of larger vessels.

There are answers blowing in the wind, waiting to be captured. 



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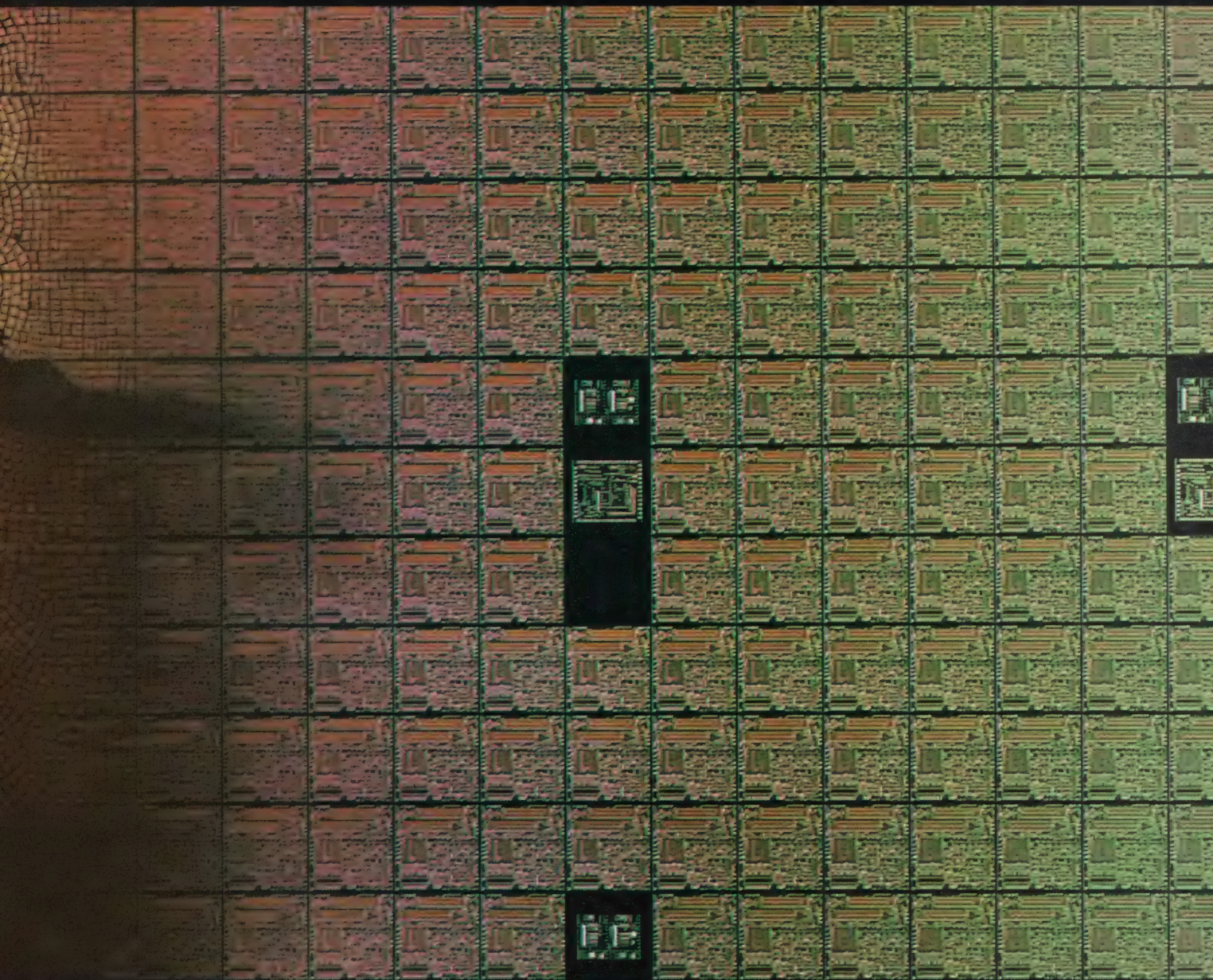
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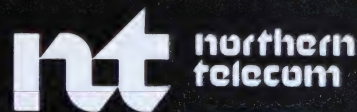
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by Mary McIntosh

Jay Witcher's carefully crafted harps are sought by musicians from around the world because of their beautiful, distinctive sound — something like a hybrid of guitar and chimes. One reason they sound so good is they are made with kiln-dried maple from New Brunswick.

In fact, Witcher likes using the maple so much that four years ago he moved from California so he could get close to the source. He tried to find a home in New Brunswick, but eventually decided to settle into an odd, rambling house, complete with a bizarre medieval turret, perched at the edge of Maine, just a stone's throw from the New Brunswick border. From there, he can easily make the trip to Woodstock, where he hand-picks hard maple from the Maritime Lumber Ltd. yard.

Witcher is one of the best-known instrument makers in North America. Fifteen years ago he was an aerospace engineer, working in California. His hobby was building musical instruments. Then he quit the "mad rat race" to make a living out of making 17th century Irish wirestrung harps. Hardwood was tough to find in California so he moved north at the urging of a fellow musician who lives in Woodstock.

Now Witcher is settled in, comfortably close to the wood he needs. He and his wife, Mary Jane, share their rambling house with nine cats, three dogs and, somewhere out back, three horses. Their house has an interesting clutter of Indian rugs, plants and musical instruments. In back is a large, roomy workshop. Tools line the walls. Patterns for various sizes of harps are propped in every corner. In the centre are a large metal lathe and bandsaw. It's virtually a one-man operation. Despite claims by imitators, Witcher has never trained an apprentice. Mary Jane helps him finish the harps once they are assembled, but no one else knows the secret of the Witcher harps.

The magic of those harps draws musicians from all over the world. They've come from the West Coast, Ireland, Germany and South America. One Israeli musician tracked him down just so he would make a harp for her. Musicians want to meet him because they feel there's something special about the craftsman. That solves part of his distribution problem because most people come in person to either order or pick up their harps. He says that makes it much easier for him to fill their needs. "If they don't know

exactly what they want I can sit down and talk with them about their harp; what they're going to do with it, the kind of music they play, the range and portability they need, all the other factors that go into choosing an instrument."



Lutia Lauzon with her Witcher harp

Harpists, who play by plucking the brass strings with their fingernails, describe Witcher harps in glowing terms. They say the sound is distinctive, that you can tell a Witcher harp by its resonant sound, that the notes are clear with good harmonic development and that the design of the harp itself is efficient. Witcher gives the credit to his engineering background. He originally started out building harpsichords and clavichords but turned to harps when he realized that very few people were serious about building them.

"Harps don't seem to have had the kind of development behind them that all the other instruments that we know of. So I'm getting to do some of that research. Small harps have not been around for 200 or 300 years so there's this little niche in the music world that we're able to fill. And actually it looks like it's going to be a sort of lifetime research project."

The art of harp making virtually died out in the 17th century, and with it went a bit of Irish heritage. Witcher's one-man revival of the art is so masterful that it has caught the attention of the Irish government, which has asked him to consider

moving to Ireland to make harps. He says there's only one problem with the idea — it would be really difficult to get his hand-picked New Brunswick maple.

Harps have been around in one form or another since the days of early Egypt. To be a freeman in 11th century Europe you had to own a second cloak, a cushion for your chair and a harp. In Wales, your house, your land and your cattle could be confiscated for debt, but your harp could not be taken. Witcher finds the myth and magic that clings to harps puzzling. "Fifteen years and almost 900 harps now and I still don't have an answer. Other than they've always been there in the art work of our culture and in the folklore and fairy tales. Perhaps it's because they're rare."

Witcher harps come in all sizes, and prices. A simple harp can cost as little as \$350 or as much as \$3,000. But no one just walks into a music store and picks out a Witcher harp. There's a two-year waiting list. "Around 200 people in North America build harps, but only about 12 of them are serious about their work," says Witcher. Since most of his customers are professional musicians they're willing to wait for their instrument. But that's nothing. "For some instruments like the bassoon and the harpsichord, there is a seven-year waiting list."

This backlog is part of the reason Witcher won't train an apprentice. He doesn't have the time to teach. "No one has come along that has the necessary math or engineering background to understand what I am talking about." That hasn't deterred imitators passing themselves off as apprentices or successors, and Witcher says he's not really flattered by their claims. "There's enough public interest in small harps, and a lot of people want to get in on this small harp movement, so it's kind of a natural thing. All we can do is make the best, and most of the people who make their living with harps will come to us anyway."

Harpists are enthusiastic about Witcher's contribution to the music world. John Thompson, the close friend and musician who convinced him to move north, says, "Jay was really the first person in 200 or 300 years to regenerate and revive the use of the wirestrung harp, which I think is one of his greatest contributions to the musical world."

After years of research and experimentation, Witcher is confident about the quality of his product. "Each harp is made for a specific person who has a certain need. I hope ours will last for many, many lifetimes. Some of the old harps in museums and private collections are 400, maybe 500 years old and one or two of them are still playable. So I would hope at least some of ours would last that long."

No matter how long they last, it's to Jay Witcher's credit that for the present, there's been a revival in this centuries-old craft.



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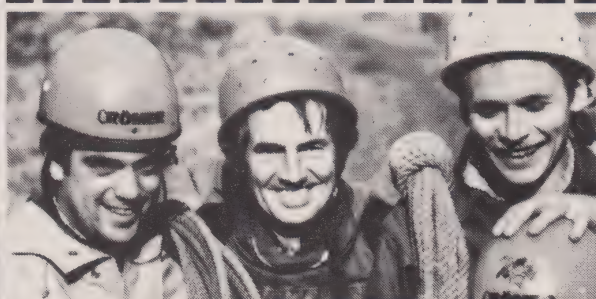
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Old fears paved over as trans-Labrador road advances

Labrador residents will soon be able to drive into the rest of Canada, thanks to a new highway. For most it's a dream come true

by Lawrence Jackson

Joey Smallwood, hardly one to shrink from grand projects, once vowed he would oppose this one even if every man, woman and child in Labrador signed a petition begging for it. But now, the former premier and Quebec-Newfoundland politics notwithstanding, a trans-Labrador highway is inching closer to reality.

At its western end a gap of only 26 kilometres remains to forge a chain of paved highways and mining roads north from the St. Lawrence River to Fermont, Quebec, across the border from Labrador City. Residents of Labrador City and Wabush, already linked to Fermont by a paved road, could then for the first time drive out through Quebec to the rest of Canada.

Completion of the trans-Labrador highway, which would connect these mining towns to Goose Bay and eventually to the Strait of Belle Isle, now suddenly seems to be inevitable. Without it, the economy of a vast region is hobbled, bound to the fickle fortunes of single industry mining towns, to the erratic service of airlines whose main routes and interests lie elsewhere and to a sea link which is icebound six months a year.

What Smallwood feared was that Quebec, which has never accepted a 1927 judicial decision awarding Labrador to Newfoundland, would strengthen its commercial grip on the territory if such a road were built. Lacking any surface connection to Newfoundland, or even to the rest of Labrador, the mining towns have long been a world apart, a colony of Newfoundlanders in affluent exile drawn somewhat reluctantly toward Quebec by the railway which hauls out everything they produce and hauls in everything they buy.

The Quebec government has promised to finish the road to Fermont by 1987. The municipal council of Fermont is so impatient it wants permission to borrow \$14 million to do the job itself. Either way it shouldn't be long, and completion of the road will obviously draw western Labrador still closer to the economy and social fabric of Quebec.

With the western link so near completion the government of Premier Brian Peckford is moving now to finance the eastern connection. The first lap, 68 km from Labrador City to Ross Bay Junction, a siding on the railway to Scheffer-

ville, was built during the last two years with \$16 million — mostly federal money, a special fund aimed at easing the impact of lay-offs in the iron mines.

The next stage, from Ross Bay Junction to Churchill Falls, is expected to cost about \$48 million. A further \$62 million would be needed to upgrade an existing tote road from Churchill Falls to Goose Bay. Since the combined price is clearly



beyond the province's budget, Newfoundland has included the highway in a shopping list of transport projects that it wants Ottawa to finance.

It is a measure of the bizarre fortunes of this province that the price of this road is barely one-sixth of the \$600 million profit which the Conference Board of Canada estimates Quebec is making each year from the re-sale of Labrador hydro-electric power to the U.S.

Peckford has said the trans-Labrador highway is a priority of his government. Transportation Minister Ron Dawe has assured local boosters that the province will put up \$15 for every \$85 Ottawa will contribute. A social and economic impact study, required under provincial environment legislation, is under way already.

For a few stubborn visionaries in central Labrador, the timing has never been better. Hank Shouse, mayor of Happy Valley-Goose Bay, has been lobbying for the road since at least the early 1970s. Herb Brett, a former mayor of the town, has been plugging for about as long. Both see the rise to office of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, whose own huge riding flanks the western boundary of Labrador, as a turning point in the campaign.

Shouse and Brett believe Mulroney is acutely conscious of how highways could help diversify the region's economy. When he was president of the Iron Ore Company of Canada, Mulroney presided over the closure of the mine at Schefferville. As the MP for Manicouagan, he has seen the recent closure of mining operations at Fire Lake.

Brett, chairman of a joint council uniting the larger municipalities in Labrador, organized a recent symposium on the highway.

Benoit Bouchard, the federal minister of state for transportation, was there but was noncommittal. But the joint council took great satisfaction in the attitude of Keith Morgan, Mulroney's chief constituency advisor. Morgan took the federal delegation to Fermont in the prime minister's plane and spoke warmly of his boss's commitment to improving transportation in the area.

While current plans would bring the road only to Goose Bay, and keep it open only in summer, Shouse and Brett insist that it must be an all-weather road and that it must ultimately continue south to the Strait of Belle Isle, just across the water from the northern tip of the Island of Newfoundland.

Promoters of the road have learned that it's not enough to campaign for such projects on the basis of local need. They insist the highway will be a stimulus to the long-term economic growth of the province. It would help diversify the prospects of towns shackled to

the stern economics of mining. It would remove the main obstacle to forest and mineral projects currently stunted by lack of year-round transportation. And it would give Newfoundland a second highway to central Canada.

Above all, it would open up what they believe is the immense tourist potential of a highway system looping right around the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The southern half of the loop, arching down through the Maritimes and north along the west coast of Newfoundland, has been in place for years. The northern half, arching up from Baie Comeau through eastern Quebec and central Labrador to the Strait of Belle Isle, would add long stretches of northern wilderness to the more familiar attractions of a tour through Atlantic Canada.

And still, there's local need. Francis Clark, the town manager of Churchill Falls, couldn't make it to the meeting in Fermont. On a map, it's about as far as the drive from Moncton to Halifax. But with no road and one commercial flight a week in each direction, he would have been away five days to attend a five-hour meeting.

A Hog Town blue blood finds happiness in Charlottetown

Big-time investor Donald Deacon left Toronto to make money and enjoy Maritime life. He's suffered some business setbacks but still finds life sweet in P.E.I.

by Deborah Jones

With his charismatic smile, straightforward approach to life and passion for Prince Edward Island, Donald Deacon is a self-appointed ambassador for Charlottetown. "Why did you come here?" he's often asked by old-timers on the Island, a question echoed by outsiders on his frequent travels elsewhere.

"We keep on saying, where could you find a nicer place to live?" the tall silver-haired Ontario native answers as he launches into a tribute to Island life.

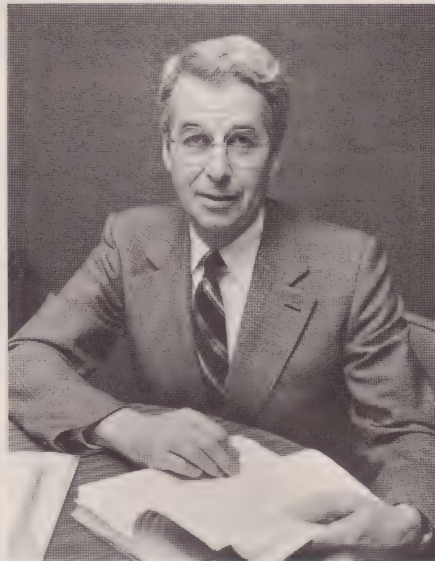
This veteran of the investment industry, who is also prominent in the Boy Scout movement, was lured to the Atlantic region by the chance to make money and by the lifestyle. And like a real trooper, the setbacks he's suffered here so far haven't dissuaded his loyalty to the cause: bringing venture capital — high-risk, supposedly high-return bucks — to regional business.

Deacon and his wife Florence left Toronto in 1980, and after a sojourn in France to reflect on life they arrived in Charlottetown to settle down. The former chairman of the family's Toronto brokerage firm F.H. Deacon & Co. and a well-known Ontario Liberal, Deacon established Atlantic Ventures Trust. Registered in 1982 under Nova Scotia laws, it was the first East Coast venture capital firm to operate throughout the Atlantic region.

Aside from enjoying the esthetics of Maritime life and being near family members who've settled in P.E.I., Deacon came because of a robust faith in "Bluenosers" gained from fighting with them during the Second World War. "You've got far more loyalty working with you here than with the ordinary people working in business," he says.

He laments the fact that 19 of the 20 main pension funds in the region flow to Central Canada for management and investment, and says the region only "partly developed over the last 100 years. People saw their opportunities in the West and left. Without an increase in population here, the people with the brightest brains went elsewhere. Atlantic Canada didn't prosper as it might have had."

Deacon's blue-blood reputation and contacts helped the trust to enrol about \$6.7 million in funds from private investors, pension funds and insurance com-



Deacon: making money at a slower pace

panies. Most of the money is "Upper Canadian" in origin — the Canadian National Railways Pension Fund and the Ontario Municipal Employees Retirement Board each put \$2 million into AVT's pot; Manufacturers Life Insurance Co. added \$1 million and Imperial Life Assurance Co. a further half million. Regional investments, which were smaller, came from Central Trust, Oxford Frozen Foods and L.E. Shaw Ltd. as well as the pension funds of Dalhousie University and Maritime Telegraph and Telephone.

Although registered in Nova Scotia, the trust is effectively administered by Candeke Atlantic Ventures Inc., which Deacon runs out of Charlottetown with four other manager-shareholders who are located throughout the region.

When Deacon moved east, his enthusiasm about business prospects was buoyed by widespread enthusiasm for offshore oil and gas development in the region and the recent implementation of Canada's 200-mile offshore economic zone. In an atmosphere of optimism, Candeke set about investigating the companies which courted its dollars, seeking firms that fit AVT's criteria, which include having the potential to net the investors a return of 25 to 40 per cent, depending on the risk taken.

To date, the trust has plowed about \$3.8 million into small business through-

out the region, in six enterprises ranging from aquaculture to electronic navigation. In late 1983, when they'd reached the approximate half-way mark of AVT's \$6.7-million subscription, Deacon and partners stopped to review their position. They found that, true to the pattern set by most fledgling venture capital firms in North America, AVT has found making lucrative investments tough slogging.

In the Atlantic region, despite large pockets of solid economic growth, offshore petroleum development remains elusive and the hoped-for fisheries boom from the 200-mile zone has foundered — there are problems with stocks and foreign currency fluctuations have created problems for most export industries. Finding suitable new investments remains Candeke's biggest problem, says Deacon, "although more interesting prospective investments are being presented to Candeke" as it becomes better known. The company expects to submit proposals for \$2-million worth of further investments by the end of this year.

As for Candeke's current involvements, two are "not doing as well as we'd like," says Deacon, but the remaining four are surviving or thriving. One, WI Ltd. of Saint John (the child of Webster Industries, which made chemical wood stove and fireplace maintenance products), has closed down.

Atlantic Fish Specialties in Charlottetown is the other troublesome investment, and was the first that Candeke successfully took to the AVT board of directors for approval. In 1982 it pumped \$560,000 into the fish processing firm owned by the Duda family. The firm soon failed to meet financial projections, and when its debt had increased fourfold by the following year, the trust exercised its right to assume control of the operation. It appointed as company head Halifax-based Candeke manager Tom Hayes, who is still running AFS and has reduced its operating losses.

Charlottetown's other firm funded through the trust, Video Atlantic Inc., is doing well, says Deacon. Video Atlantic's head, Jack MacAndrew, returned to his native city from Toronto to get involved in the production facility with, among others, Charlottetown film producers Luciano Lisi and Niall Burnett.

Despite some troublesome aspects thrown in with the successes of Atlantic Ventures Trust, Deacon says he loves being here. There's no comparison to the life the couple led before they moved from Hog Town to Charlottetown, he says. "There's no hassle here, no rush commuting. Yet here we have a place where there's a Confederation Centre of the Arts and all sorts of other facilities you can walk to — including the woods, for hiking or cross country skiing."

And instead of having an office window looking onto Bay Street, Deacon has a study in his renovated 1812 house overlooking the local yacht club. ☑

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The amazing Dan Ross, romance's last holdout

This Saint John author has written more books than any other Canadian. While he is widely read, he is almost unknown, partly because of his pen names. Dan Ross writes romances, sometimes in only two weeks

by Jennifer Henderson

Dan Ross is a ladies' man, a throwback to more civilized days when gentlemen were expected to show up with flowers and know all the words to the latest Hoagy Carmichael song. Still a handsome man whose looks and courtly bearing belie his 72 years, this New Brunswick writer is the author of a prodigious 319 novels enjoyed by millions of mostly female readers in 22 countries.

This massive output has come despite the fact that Ross was 49 when he got his first novel published. He is the most prolific Canadian author ever. But more than that, only Belgian Georges Simenon and Englishman John Creasy, with some 500 titles each, have ground out more novels than Dan Ross has from the windowless, book-lined den of his East Riverside home outside Saint John.

Ross' books are the popular stuff of the drugstore shelf, the lonely airport and the supermarket check-out. They are mysteries and romance novels with titles like *Beloved Adversary*, *Delta Flame*, *The Widow of Westwood* and *Death's Dark Music*. He is the acknowledged master of the suspense-filled, coincidence-riddled Gothic romance where flighty, 19th-century heroines discover love and peril inside sinister castles/manions/temples set in exotic locales from London to Hong Kong.

The "average" romance takes Ross two to three weeks to write and sells about 100,000 copies. Some do better. One, *China Shadow* (in which "Flora Bain, a vicar's daughter, is sold into bondage via a sinister turn of events, but escapes to Armitage House, a brooding mansion shrouded in the Mystery of the Orient"), sold two million copies and cracked the *New York Times* bestseller list 10 years ago. A *Times* reviewer referred to Ross in not entirely complimentary tones, as "one of the most formidable writing factories in this or any other hemisphere."





Canada's Best Jazz

There's Skip Beckwith on the double-bass, Don Palmer on the sax and flute, Scott MacMillan on the guitar... the list goes on. Good, sometimes surpassing good, jazz players. And all based in Halifax

by Heather Laskey

Some of the best jazz in Canada today is being played in this city. The problem is with the length of the list. There's Skip Beckwith on the double-bass, Don Palmer on the sax and flute, Scott MacMillan on the guitar, Anil Sharma on the drums, Paul Simons on the piano, Georges Hébert on the guitar, Robin Shier on the trumpet, Gerry Carruthers on the piano. And there are more of them — good, sometimes surpassing good, jazz players, and all based in Halifax.

Then there are the others who started here — musicians of the calibre of saxophonist Bucky Adams and pianist Joe Sealy — and who come back to town to play. And players like Milt Jackson, Peter Appleyard, Barney Kessel and Buddy DeFranco, who have played here in recent years.

Back in the 1950s, there was more jazz played in

Halifax than anywhere in Canada. Its locale was 777 Barrington, a basement in a building in the north end, overlooking the dockyards. Peter Power, now president of the Atlantic Federation of Musicians, played there in Dixie bands: "The place would be jam-packed, though people couldn't even get a drink there."

Don Palmer and Skip Beckwith were playing bebop there. "Most of the musicians came from the three service bands that were in town then. Those guys are all over North America now," recalls Don Palmer.

"Warren Chiasson's in New York — he's one of the best vibraphone players. Keith Jollimore, Joe Sealy, Bob Mercer... It was Bob Mercer that started me playing music. We grew up in Sydney. So did Skip. Bob and I used to go round playing in people's homes. We'd earn about \$8.

"That was money then. We had to hire a bodyguard so we wouldn't get jumped by the other kids. I would have been about six." Don and Skip — both born in 1939 — are the deans of the Halifax jazz scene. Their paths have crossed and recrossed. Childhood in Sydney, then the 777, and since the mid-1970s, back in Halifax.

"There was a mass exodus in the

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Skip Beckwith on the double-bass, Don Palmer on the sax, Scott Ferguson on the drums

late '50s," says Skip. "It was time for everyone to try their wings." He studied music in Boston and at the Oscar Peterson School in Toronto. He played with the Brian Brown Trio for nine years then became Anne Murray's music director. Though he learned a lot about the music and recording business, music with Anne, he says, "was a path with no heart." He came back to Halifax in 1975 and got back into jazz with Joe Sealy — "a wonderful pianist." (Scott Ferguson, a young drummer, describes him better — "He eats the piano alive.") Unknown to Skip, Don Palmer had also returned after 16 years in New York, refining and defining his art, playing with big jazz names like Gerry Mulligan, Stan Getz and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra.

Don had become musician-in-residence at the College of Cape Breton, and until the CBC asked him to play a call in Halifax, he thought that no one was playing jazz here. "At that time, the scene was such that if you put out a label with the word 'jazz' on it, it wouldn't sell." The double-bass player for that gig was Skip Beckwith whom he had not seen since the days of the 777. With Joe Sealy they formed a trio and put out an album through the CBC.

The focus for jazz in the city since then has been Pepe's, on Spring Garden Road, with Skip on staff to play and to contract other musicians. "It's come full circle," he says.

Only jazz, mostly in what Skip describes as "modern bebop style," is played in their upstairs restaurant. Good jazz does not use much amplification, but even so players tend to keep down the sound level during the first set while diners concentrate on eating. People whose first interest is the music get there after nine in time

for the second set when the musicians know they have the audience's concentration. As Don says, jazz, unlike rock, "requires your attention or you don't get anything out of it."

Skip brings in big name American and Canadian players and they can come here in the knowledge that there are good jazz musicians to play with them.

Scott Ferguson points out that this also means that he and other young jazz players can continue learning their craft in the city. "If I went to Montreal or Toronto I'd just be in the crowd. Here I can play with Peter Appleyard and Joe Sealy when they're in town. Skip and Don are among the best in Canada. Every time I play with them it's an education."

Scott, 22, studied jazz at St. Francis Xavier University. Although the program started only in 1980, its students are already establishing a reputation for themselves.

The problem for jazz players here is the limited audience. Modern jazz, cerebral and subtle, does not have the general appeal of rock, country and western, or rhythm and blues. CBC music producers like Glen Meisner use as much jazz in their programming as the market will take, but to make a living, most of the players also work non-jazz groups. Or, like Don Palmer, who is on the faculty of the Dalhousie School of Music, they teach. Guitarist Scott MacMillan is a talented composer and also puts other groups together, and plays back-up — "Though I'd love to play jazz all the time."

You know how it is with us," says Skip. "Did you hear the one about the jazz musician who won a million on the lottery and kept working until it was all gone...?" **C**

PHOTOS BY HEATHER LASKEY

"Y" magic turns a dollar into ten

A small budget must go a long way at the Community "Y" — the Halifax YMCA's outreach branch. The bottom line is to give kids alternatives to hanging out on street corners

by Susan MacPhee

If you think alchemy was given up as impossible in the Middle Ages, you haven't been hanging around the Alexandra Centre in Halifax's north end. Behind an unassuming metal door to the left of the centre's main entrance on Cornwallis Street is the Community "Y" office, the physical representation of the Halifax YMCA's Outreach Program. And the work that's been going on there since the early 1950s is proof that alchemy is alive and well and being practised with lively abandon in the 20th century.



Mike Sampson and kids: basketball and leadership

Why is it alchemy? The best answer to that question can be found in the words of former Community "Y" branch manager Louis Gannon. The biggest part of running the program, he says, is "wheeling and dealing to take the one dollar you *do* have and make it into ten." That's almost like turning lead into gold. Miracles must be performed with money because the Community "Y" budget for 1985 is only \$78,000. From it must come salaries for two full-time and eight part-time employees plus funding for a myriad of programs and activities offered year-round.

The alchemists at work on Cornwallis Street are successful in their magical pursuit. Bill Gay, director of the Community Outreach Unit at the Halifax YMCA main branch, says one reason is that the "Y" can draw on a system of community help ranging from outright donations of money to volunteered time. That system increases the real budget incalculably, says Gay. "Even a wild guess at the value of donations could be way off... be it good will, time, leadership or deals on equipment. The whole "Y" depends on volunteers, we couldn't function without them."

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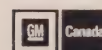


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Effective programs, kids off the street

In fact, the "Y" uses the volunteer system as part of its program to teach teenagers leadership skills and responsibility. Mike Sampson heads the leadership corps. "We meet once a week to plan activities for the Community 'Y' and we take part in special events, for instance, operating the coat-check at the Community 'Y' fund-raising dinner at the Trade Centre this year." The leadership corps is where the girls are most active. The boys shine on the basketball court. The Halifax Community "Y" has kids on the court in various age groups ranging from the "minis" — whose youngest member is eight years old — to the juvenile team, with top age at 17.

Manager Gary Farmer grew up playing basketball at the "Y", and there's an entire wall of shelves in his office filled with basketball trophies won by teams from over the years. He and his predecessor, Louis Gannon, are both on the senior men's basketball team that won the provincial championship

this year. Again, basketball is used as an incentive for the kids to do well in school. Farmer says the program stresses that what's really important is "a balanced effort, along the lines of academics first, sports second, or maybe even third... after family relationships."

The "Carry the Books as well as the Ball" program was an idea imported from Hampstead, New York, five years ago. Kids are encouraged to keep their marks up if they're under 16 and still in school. Tutorial services are offered after school hours and during vacations, and to stay on the team, you have to keep the grades up. For kids out of school, the requirement is

a genuine job search, "not just dropping in at Canada Manpower once a week." But the program wasn't without its problems. Parents didn't like the idea of their kids having to go to school in the summer, and objected to having academic conditions attached to the children's rights to play basketball. But Gannon says the system is "falling into place after four or five years. The parents don't object as much any more... whether because they don't mind or they just gave up on it, I don't know."

Keeping those activities going would seem enough work for a small staff and limited budget, but that's not all they do by a long shot. There's a health program run by the Halifax YMCA's preventive medicine clinic; there are recreational activities after hours at the George Dixon Centre and the St. Patrick's School; there are babysitting courses; all kinds of intramural sports programs; special events like movies, roller skating and dances; and the drop-in centre, where Gary Farmer, Mike Sampson and the part-time staffers have the daily contact with the kids that's important in building trust and friendship.

Another important project each year is the Visions program, in which groups of kids share a travel exchange program with kids in other parts of Canada and the United States, and learn about different cultures and ways of life. Last year a group went to Whitehorse in the Yukon to learn about Inuit life and a trip to Vancouver is planned for June. Farmer says the program is good for the kids because "it helps them put their own lives in perspective."

On top of running all these programs, the staff is busy planning new projects. Mike Sampson's current pet project is the "Juvenile Justice Program," which is modelled on a Montreal effort, and is designed to help first-time and potential offenders. It would consist of providing a support group, educational and recreational activities, and professional counselling to help youngsters who are in trouble. Sampson says the "Y" has good contacts in the courts, counselling and community service organizations now, and hopes funding for the project will come through while those contacts are still in place.

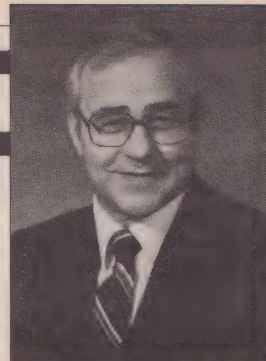
Farmer, Gannon, Sampson and Gay all agree that the most important aspect of the "Y" is showing kids alternatives. Gannon remembers when he was seven years old and first started going to the "Y". "There were two groups of kids in the North End then, the ones who hung out at the 'Y' and the ones who hung at the corner. Those guys who hung on the corner are still there, waiting for the bus to go by." **C**

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Spotting the market trends: charts give early signals

Few things can be said with any certainty about stock prices. One, and perhaps the only one, is that they go up and they go down. This single fact gives us a starting point for developing a strategy to make money from them. Since it's one of the few things we can count on, it makes sense to capitalize on it.

We don't know when they'll go up or down, or by how much, but we do know from past experience that no stock goes steadily and predictably in one direction for very long.

Anyone who's followed stocks knows they're damnable critters that wobble a lot, sometimes going down on good news, up on bad, often up on rumor, down on facts — even if the facts confirm the rumor. Logic is continually confounded.

For all that, they're not nearly as unpredictable as one might suppose. They tend to move in trends rather than in a completely haphazard fashion. If you spot these trends soon enough, profits will be good when you're right and losses limited when you're wrong.

To work the systems I use, we need up-to-date charts of stock price action over the past several months, a ruler, a sharp pencil and an inviolable trading plan.

Charts are available from a number of sources. Or you can make your own. But because they are drawn logarithmically I'd far sooner pay for the accuracy and variety of the printed ones. For example, one company offers a full set (two volumes updated monthly), covering about 1,500 stocks for \$330 — cheap considering the time saved and the increased ability to make a profit. It's one of the costs of doing business — and tax deductible.

Charts portray stock price activity in a graphic form that is just about impossible to visualize merely by watching the stock quotes in the daily newspaper. A vertical line represents the stock's price range for a given period — day, week or month. The line's top represents the highest price, the bottom the lowest. A short horizontal bar to the right of the line indicates the closing price (the last trade) of the period covered.

I use charts drawn on a weekly basis.

Charts can show a variety of additional information, including moving av-

erages and relative strength, but I find price activity and volume — the number of shares traded in a given period — to be the most useful information. Volume shows the readiness of people to trade at particular price levels. Of greater importance, charting volume gives an idea of how many shares trade in an average day. You don't want to buy 10,000 ABC Corp if it normally trades only 2,000 a day; your trades, in or out, could influence the market against you.

The recipe for success in the market is in recognizing when "low" really is low and when the latest in a series of highs is the end of the ride

The greatest value of charts is that they can help us decide when to buy or sell in order to make the most of price peaks and valleys. Used properly, they help us to buy and sell at the most advantageous prices, and that's fundamental for profitable trading.

Someone once told me: "A stock tends to move in the direction it has been going until it changes direction." On the surface, that's asinine. It's like saying the day will go on until night comes! What I was being told, however, eventually became one of the cornerstones of my investment strategy: stocks will often move in one direction for a period of time. They develop trends. Detect changes in these trends soon enough and the result has to be greater profitability. Charts, which are really a reflection of shareholder psychology, provide these early signals if they are used correctly.

Even the most naive novice knows there's a time to buy stocks and a time to sell them. Knowing which is which is vital to our financial health. Even Bell, or IBM, solid though they are, can cause losses of sickening proportions if our timing is wrong.

Our objective, quite obviously, is to buy low and sell high. The recipe for success is in recognizing when "low" really

is low and when the latest in a series of highs is the end of the ride.

If we're too subjective in making our decisions, those inner demons, Greed and Impatience, tend to raise their ugly little heads. Joined by their good buddy, Ego, they can create havoc with a bank balance.

Here's how they often work. Let's suppose ABC Corp traded as high as \$20 three months ago. It's a good, solid company with bright prospects but it's now trading at \$15.

"Just \$15?" Greed asks. "It only has to go back to \$20 and we've made 33 per cent profit. Surely it will do that and more."

"But," we ask, "how do we know it won't go down further?"

"Let's figure out," Ego chimes in, "just how low it will go. Wouldn't we be smart if we bought it at a price lower than all those other folk paid?"

"Yes," agrees Greed, "and we'd make even more money then when the price goes back up."

And some days later, with the price just a notch higher than the target set by Ego, Impatience says: "Hey, guys, the price doesn't look as if it's going to drop any more. Let's buy now before the thing squirts up on us. We don't want to miss the opportunity."

So, pressured by the three demons, we let them make our investment decisions. Our role? Stand by with the cheque book.

Farfetched? We'd never allow such a thing to happen to us, right? Yet in hundreds of homes and offices across the country variations of this skit are played every day of the week.

Objectivity is our only protection and each of us must apply it in our own individual ways. I ask the market to tell me in which direction it is most likely to go next; it tells the truth often enough to make the questioning worthwhile. The questions and answers are communicated through trendlines on charts.

Trendlines? We'll talk about them next month with the help of a chart. **C**

Letters to Sydney Tremayne, author of Take the Guessing Out of Investing, can be sent to Box 8023, Station A, Halifax, N.S., B3K 5L8. Please include stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.

GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

Dalhousie Art Gallery. May 3-June 2. *Stephen Parrish and Charles A. Platt: Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Views:* An exhibition of 75 drawings and etchings by American printmaker Stephen Parrish and his student Charles Platt, produced during two trips to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in 1881 and 1882. The collection is from Special

Collections, Dalhousie University Library. Dalhousie University Campus, 6101 University Ave. Hours: Tues.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. evening, 7-10 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; closed Mondays.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. May 9-June 2. Downstairs: *Beauty Pageant: Paintings:* Maureen Enns, Cochrane, Alberta. Upstairs: *Recent Paintings,* Peter Kirby, Halifax. June 6-July 7: Downstairs: *Traces:* Pat Martin Bates, Victoria and Marlene Creates, Ottawa. Upstairs: *Primer for War,* Jamille Hassan, London, Ontario. Bedford Highway. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 1-5 p.m.; Tues., 9 a.m.-9 p.m.

Eye Level Gallery. To May 18. Andre Jodoin — installation. Garry Conway — installation. May 28-June 15. Monique Desnoyers — installation. 1585 Barrington St., Suite 306. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 12 noon-5 p.m. Closed Sun. & Mon.

SPORTS

The Great Canadian Participation Challenge takes place on Wednesday, May 29 from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Halifax has challenged St. John's, Nfld. All you need to do is 15 minutes of continuous activity sometime between 8:00 a.m. and 9:00 p.m. — walk, skip, swim, touch your toes, or whatever — then call 422-6437 and register your activity in this great challenge.

IN CONCERT

The B W V 1985 Society presents *BACH 300* — a series of concerts celebrating 300 years of the music of J.S. Bach, featuring David MacDonald, organist. May 12: Motherhouse Chapel of the Sisters of Charity — Mount St. Vincent. This glorious motherhouse chapel provides the setting for some later works of J.S. Bach: several Leipzig chorale Preludes, the Prelude and Fugue in E minor, "The Wedge," a Trio and Chorale Preludes.

THEATRE

Neptune Theatre. Continuing to May 12: *Fallen Angels* by Noel Coward. *Fallen Angels* is, without a doubt, Noel Coward at his inimitable best — gay, debonair, infinitely sophisticated! This frothy, frolicsome comedy finds two well-bred women awaiting the arrival of an old beau — while their husbands are absent for the weekend. Gallons of champagne later, a good dose of biting honesty sees the genteel words dropped and the furniture fly. Devilishly witty when delivered by the master himself!

The Nova Scotia Drama League Provincial Theatre Festival will be held May 15-19 at 8:00 p.m. nightly at the Neptune Theatre in Halifax.

CLUB DATES

Teddy's: Piano Bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. To May 25: *Peggy Quinn-Gillis.* May 27-June 29: *Kim Bishop.* Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 p.m.-1 a.m. **The Village Gate.** 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. May 2-4: *Mainstreet.* May 9-11: *Intro.* May 16-18: *Tense.* May 23-25: *Southside.* May 30-June 1: *Thumbs Up.* Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m. **C**

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In search of Dartmouth's heart

Dartmouth is a city without a heart. The thought can be applied in two senses and maybe they are somehow connected. The city has no physical heart — no living, pulsating downtown — and it is heartless in dealing with people who need help.

Certain types of behavior, say some social scientists, are nurtured by a city's physical layout. They say social and physical planning are related and that both must be addressed when we establish community goals. Well so far that has not happened in Dartmouth.

Sure, there have been attempts to plan the city's physical design, but social planning leaves something to be desired.

After going through substantial growth for 20 years following the Second World War, the city adopted its first official plan in 1966. Planners acknowledged two important facts: Dartmouth had to develop a heart if it was to become an individual character in the metro amalgam; and, the city would be divided by a major arterial road, the Circumferential Highway, which would create an inner and outer ring.

The inner ring includes the old business district and its residential neighborhoods and the outer ring includes many of the newer areas. Because the outer ring has no natural boundaries to give it form, the planners divided it into a series of communities, each of which was supposed to be clustered around a community centre. The city's plan was to "impose on this general order of communities a strong focal point, or heart, so that the individual identifies first with his neighborhood, then his community, then with the heart and thus with Dartmouth." The concept was carried over into the city's 1971 and 1978 plans.

The heart was to be the downtown core and surrounding neighborhoods, which were to be developed through various programs such as urban renewal, mainstreet improvements and waterfront development. The downtown core was to include offices, stores, housing, a civic centre and other public and semi-public buildings. The city fathers were supposed to help all this happen by discouraging some

developments outside the downtown area.

But what we ended up with is a downtown that is practically deserted most weekends and evenings. The city has strips of retail development and shopping malls flung far and wide. There is a series of residential sub-communities where people go to eat and sleep. They use the shopping malls as community centres.

What do Dartmouth residents think of all this? When planning students conducted interviews in 1983, they found that everyone except Ward 3 residents, where downtown is located, said improving the downtown and waterfront was the city's least important planning objective. Maybe that's what we should expect from people who live in a city without a heart.

Well what about social issues?

Last summer students from the Maritime School of Social Work prepared a social profile of Dartmouth and found that: the residents are uneasy about questions dealing with the city's class system; they believe poor people and their spokesmen are powerless; and they think the city is controlled by a small, closely-linked group of power brokers.

Residents identified the major problems of the past five years as: the shortage of housing for low-income families, too little money for capital improvements, racial discrimination, too little town beautification, a shortage of day-care facilities and too many shopping malls.

One would be hard pressed to name a political leader or prominent citizen who has provided leadership in these issues. City hall is notorious for either not dealing openly with these matters or simply ignoring them.

Consider some of the following situations.

- Lucille Hollett's husband died almost five years ago after being beaten by two city police officers. Now, in an election year and after intensive national media coverage, the reluctant city council members finally decided to deal with Mrs. Hollett. They paid her \$64,000 and will probably end up paying over \$1 million for the officers' legal bills. Her compensation pales in comparison to the severance pay given

to a former police chief and a former recreation director.

- The city still has no affirmative action program despite some incidents involving a former recreation director. The man retired after sexual harassment charges were levelled at him before the Human Rights Commission. But that wasn't before he ordered basketball hoops removed from a downtown park because he had seen eight or nine "big black people who looked like they may have come from Preston" playing basketball there. In response to a complaint about the comment, City Administrator Cliff Moir said he could understand that people may have seen that "as prejudice or bigotry" but "I truly believe that he only intended to describe the situation and did not take into account that perhaps these were black citizens from our own community."

- The day-care question has been deferred into oblivion since city staff recommended the city spend \$30,000 on more space. That amount would have been matched by the province. In the meantime, the city continues to suffer a severe day-care shortage.

- When a non-profit housing co-op applied to build 42 units of badly needed affordable housing for single-parent families, seniors and disabled persons, the neighborhood got up in arms. One alderman told a city council meeting he didn't object to seniors or the disabled but pleaded with planners to keep out the "other" people — low income women and children. Another group trying to establish a shelter for battered women in Dartmouth failed to find a champion in city hall.

Building a good city requires that at some time we acknowledge these problems and deal with them. The city is currently reviewing its plan, and its central review committee is made up of white, middle-aged, professional men. It is, however, important for all other Dartmouth residents to get involved. If the city doesn't hear from a good mix of people who care about how the community develops, then we might end up being a city without a heart forever. **C**

Joanne Layme has lived in Dartmouth for 20 years and has been active in various citizens' groups

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COVER STORY



Dan Ross, actor Rex Harrison and company: a penchant for hobnobbing with the jet set

"I don't need distractions," says Ross with a smile. He puts in about 10 hours a day at his manual typewriter within splashing distance of the swimming pool in his backyard. His attractive wife, Marilyn, the author's partner of 25 years after he lost his first wife to cancer, keeps phone calls at bay and reads her husband's first drafts to make sure he keeps straight the names and physical attributes of his many heroines.

"I'm happiest when I'm working," the author says simply. "The drudgery is making yourself sit down to write. Once you're there, you're with people you understand — you *know* their lives. There's simply no drug or alcohol that gives you the same release."

The make-believe world of Holly-

wood hopefuls and jet-setting beautiful people is one that fascinates Dan Ross and one that he cultivates in real life. His blossoming, after an undistinguished acting career, into a successful writer could be a scenario for one of his next pot-boilers. In the meantime, Ross' speed and what author Hugh MacLennan once praised as his "amazingly natural story-telling ability" provide the freedom to indulge his passion for live theatre, dimly-lit piano bars, conversation and cocktails (preferably Scotch) during frequent visits to The Big Apple and Beantown.

When the Saint John native and Marilyn are in New York to see publishers and agents, they like to hobnob with composer Leonard Bernstein and other celebrities at the highbrow Lotus Club where Ross



Chatting with screen star Greer Garson: business over drinks and dinner

is a member. He also belongs to the Mystery Writers of America, Friends of the Boston University Library, and the Actor's Fund of America — a charity for down-and-out actors.

"One of my greatest pleasures," recalls Ross, "was being able to arrange the last thing Greer Garson and my long-time acquaintance and friend Walter Pidgeon ever did together, at a benefit dinner for the Actor's Fund." Pidgeon, who died a year ago after a lifetime as an actor in American movies, was a native of Saint John.

Dan Ross does indeed enjoy life as if all the world *were* a stage. Lounge pianists, innkeepers, and even friends at Riverside Golf and Country Club near his home turn up as recognizable characters in "Dan's books." He is a compulsive interviewer. Within ten minutes of meeting, he knew my life story and had this writer wondering what adjectives he would use to describe her. Ravishing? Ravenous?

"My theatre experience was my break-in for books," Ross explains. "It gave me the background. In fiction, you are really writing scenes and arranging characters."

Gaily colored theatre posters by Toulouse Lautrec, the flamboyant artist and theatre patron Ross so admires, decorate an entire room of the Ross home. Besides the dozens of Lautrec and Chagall posters, virtually every square inch of the wallpapered halls and rooms is covered by paintings. There are several portraits of Dan or Marilyn, oils and watercolors by a broad smattering of Maritime artists in varying stages of their artistic development, and mock-ups in oils of cover illustrations for the writer's mystery and Gothic thrillers.

"I like to be surrounded by beautiful things," is Ross' comment on this bold barrage on the senses. He also prefers big city living to rural life. Marilyn complains good-naturedly that, "Dan's idea of summering in the country consists of checking in at the Colony Hotel in Kennebunkport, Maine, so he can chat with the people from Boston and the Bronx in the bar."

"The Rosses are terrific people," says Carol Martin at the resort hotel where the couple have spent part of each summer for the past quarter-century. But Dan Ross' "joie de vivre" hasn't always been as appreciated at home in New Brunswick, it seems. His attempt to start a New Brunswick chapter of the Canadian Writers' Federation fizzled out several years ago when a female colleague complained about conducting business over dinner and drinks.

"We are not a social club and do not approve of having meetings associated with dinner and alcohol," went a letter sent to Ross by the federation executive.

"Well . . . I took that as a direct reprimand and haven't had anything to do with it since," says a bewildered Ross.

The New Brunswick Legislative Library in Fredericton does have a large collection of Ross' books, but it's in the 20th Century Archives at Boston University's Mugar Memorial Library where you'll

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
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COVER STORY

find the most complete collection of Dan Ross books, papers, and correspondence with celebrities such as Dan Rather and Isaac Asimov.

"It's not a question of literary value," said Howard Gotlieb, director of special collections at the Mugar Library in a *Chicago Tribune* feature on Ross. "It's a question of what people read and the message they are receiving... With as many books as Ross has written and the number of copies sold, it would be foolish not to recognize that he is in some way an influence on our times."

Unlike other prolific writers, Ross was closing in on 50 when he sat down to write

for a living. "I had about 25¢ in my pocket," he acknowledges with a chuckle, the result of 30 years in the theatre as both an actor and director of plays touring the Maritimes before and after the Second World War.

"My father (a Saint John railway investigator) didn't approve of theatre at all," Ross remembers. "He wanted me to join the army after finishing Saint John High."

Instead, young Dan left for the same bright lights that lured Walter Pidgeon to Broadway fame and fortune. During the Depression, he rewrote plays for theatre companies. Later, he wrote wartime radio

dramas and then comedy skits for his own small Maritime tour company.

When the movies killed the stage in the early 1950s, the resilient Ross turned his love affair with the theatre into a job distributing films for the Big Screen. On the side, he began writing short stories that earned him about \$500 his first year.

"I wrote and wrote and wrote," said Ross, "and they kept coming back and back and back." But Dan was a quick learner. He later earned as much as \$5,000 for a single story in the days when the *Saturday Evening Post* and *New York* weeklies were buying fiction regularly. In the mid-1950s, he went to the University of Oklahoma to take a fiction writing course from Walter S. Campbell, a man Ross regards as a master.

"He would get us to take a story we liked, say in *The New Yorker* or another good magazine, and expand it by 800 words so you couldn't tell where the original writer left off and we began. Most



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JAMES WILSON

"Popular fiction isn't easy to write" . . .

actors and writers, I think," suggests Ross thoughtfully, "learn by an apprenticeship of imitation."

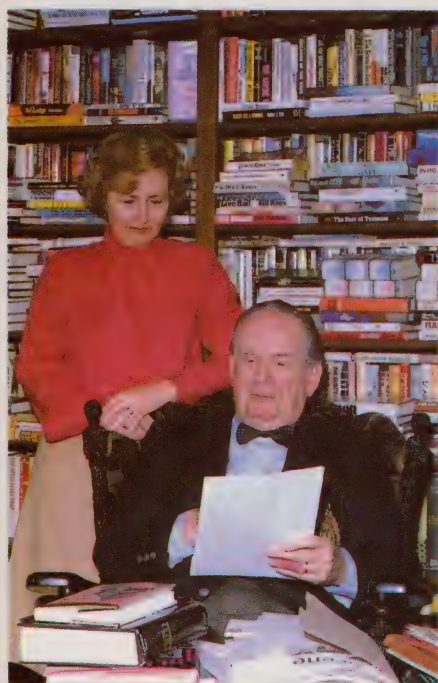
The advent of television put an end to Ross' film business and short-story markets. In 1959, his literary agent Robert P. Mills told him: "If you're going to survive, you'll have to write novels."

He did. Ross's first novel, based on his summer-stock theatre life, knocked around several publishers before it was published in 1962. Ross and his agent became close friends as they studied the markets and writing styles that sold. He wrote nine novels his first year, and more later: nurse adventure stories by "Rose Williams" and "Jane Rossiter"; western gun-slingers by "Dan Roberts" and "Tex Steele," and passionate romances by "Leslie Ames" and "Ellen Randolph."

Ross became so fast and so good at writing formula fiction that soon every publisher wanted him. Well, *her* as it turned out. The various publishing houses insisted Ross use pen-names such as "Marilyn" and "Clarissa" Ross because they didn't believe women would buy love stories written by a middle-aged man. Ross doesn't think it would matter. Yet because of his more than a dozen female noms-de-plume he remains one of Canada's most widely read but least-known writers.

Fan mail from Texas, Chicago, Nashville, England and even Czechoslovakia arrives for these ladies regularly; it's applause the writer says makes his mission "to entertain" all worthwhile.

"Popular fiction isn't easy to write," comments the man who seems to have mastered a genre shunned by literary critics and attempted by thousands of would-be authors. "I try to express my own ideas and personality through the slant that the market requires, and yet keep something of myself."



... so Marilyn keeps tabs on heroines' names

Ross resents being called "a hack" or literary prostitute of the sort the market invites. "I write for love, not money," he says earnestly, although he does make plenty of that with an income nudging close to six figures a year.

Dan and Marilyn Ross live a quiet life in East Riverside; their neighbors have seen even less of them since their beloved West Highland white terrier, Jolly, which they walked regularly, died a few years ago. Ross admits he has "slowed down a little" since the days he could produce a 75,000-word manuscript in only one week, or, the three years he pounded out the "Dark Shadows" books based on the characters in an ABC television series.


Writing Barnabas Collins ("the villain America loves to hate") into the story was one thing, says Ross now, but when ABC

later added a werewolf to try to boost ratings, even his fertile imagination had trouble "making sense out of it."

"Dark Shadows is a cult today," says Ross with wonder. "I recently attended a 'Dark Shadows' convention in Newark, New Jersey, where there were three to four hundred people and copies of my books from the '60s were selling for between \$20 and \$30!"

Ross is now concentrating his energies on what the publishing trade calls the "big books" of 400 pages the fickle romance reader is buying. He's also putting the finishing touches on a new play he hopes to see in production soon. A recent thrill, in a life filled with as many unpredictable twists as a Dan Ross novel, was Theatre

New Brunswick's 1982 production of his play *Murder Game*.

Last spring, Dan and Marilyn sat in the front row of an off-Broadway theatre to see their own old-fashioned whodunit played by New York actors and actresses. The lead (Richard Bidlake) is a middle-aged mystery writer suspected by the neighbors of working out his plots by bumping off real-life characters. They include an emotionally-unstable children's book illustrator who has recently accidentally offed her alcoholic actor-lover. If some of those elements have a familiar ring, don't worry — it's just our author taking his revenge as the audience waits in suspense for the murderer to get his, or is it hers? 

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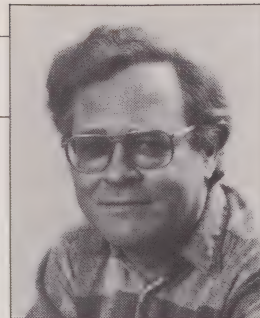


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Corruption in politics isn't what it used to be



Tory scandals about both improper expense-account claims and financing shenanigans in the case of a motel have recently followed Grit scandals about sordid arm-twisting to raise party funds in Nova Scotia, and these doings can only deepen public cynicism about the moral standards of politicians. It was already as deep as an ocean trench. For years now, polls have shown that the least-trusted professions in North America are those of lawyers, journalists, and politicians. Since journalists are about as popular as coyotes on a sheep farm, the politicians and lawyers (many of whom are also politicians) would seem to be keeping low company indeed.

But anyone who thinks that in the long run corruption in public life is not declining should read P.B. Waite's new book, *The Man from Halifax, Sir John Thompson, Prime Minister*. Actually, anyone with the faintest interest in Canadian history should read *The Man from Halifax*. It's a superb biography about an unjustly neglected character. Waite has taught history at Dalhousie for 34 years, and long ago his other books — including *The Life and Times of Confederation* and *Macdonald, His Life and World* — earned him a spot among the handful of major-league Canadian historians. But nothing he has written in the past so thoroughly reveals the fascinating sleaziness of 19th-century bluenose politics as *The Man from Halifax* does.

Thompson was born and raised in Halifax, and married a Halifax woman. They raised most of their five children in Halifax. In 1894, after his shocking death — he was only 49 — over lunch with Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle, it was to Halifax that the crack British cruiser *Blenheim* brought his body. It's still there, in Holy Cross Cemetery, half a mile from his boyhood address, 5 Argyle Street. But the man from Halifax spent more time than he ever thought was fair in Antigonish County. He was a convert to the Catholic faith, a favorite of Bishop John Cameron of Antigonish, and it was there in that overwhelmingly Catholic corner of Nova Scotia that Thompson repeatedly and reluctantly ran for election, first to the Nova Scotia legislature, and then to the House of Commons.

He hated the hustings, and he often hated Antigonish County. He was honorable, intellectual, rational, but he had none of John A. Macdonald's zest for the cut, thrust, deals, trade-offs, intrigue and factional infighting of political life. Thompson was a politician who detested

politics, and ran for office mostly because he had a stern sense of duty and a pushy wife. He adored and obeyed her. When he first ran in Antigonish, he told her by mail, "The torture of the last week has been something I have never conceived." Campaigning there was "like crossing the Atlantic in a dory." When he read her letters, he wept like a prisoner of war.

Within three days of his arrival in Antigonish for one campaign, the local backbiting and manoeuvring for advantage was such that he said everyone, friend and enemy alike, was "sitting and watching each other like cats on a roof — ready for a spring." Reporting a conversation she'd had with Bishop Cameron, Thompson's wife assured him, "Antigonish is not worthy of you. If the wealth of Golconda was scattered amongst them, and all the favors which the Gov't could bestow were given them it would not avail. They would cry for more. They cannot be kept bought. Deception is too much in their nature. Unless it is one of themselves cradled in broom and browsed upon thistles, there is no safety nor are they to be depended upon. . . . I never include our dear Bishop Cameron. He even expressed himself that he was sorry that it is his native county."

The number of men who begged Thompson for government jobs appalled him. "Naples is not a circumstance to this place [Antigonish] for mendicancy [begging]," he complained to his beloved Annie, "and the worst of it is that the lazaroni here will be the masters in a few weeks more." Job supplicants in Antigonish County were not meek. When the local stationmaster died, a man who'd once tried to push Thompson out as the Tory candidate wrote to him to say, "May his soul rest in peace. I hereby apply for the situation. . . and finding that this situation would suit me, I demand it. All I want from you is a decided answer." Thompson's decided answer was no, which inspired the loser to denounce his "dark, ungrateful heart." Another vote lost.

Meanwhile, one B.F. Power wired Thompson to say his brother Henry was available for the stationmaster's job. After D.H. McDonald, stationmaster at nearby Tracadie, landed the position, Power waited two months and then told Thompson, "If stationmaster here to be dismissed for drunkenness you have right to confer that office on me. . . State salary." Brother Henry seems to have been out of the picture, and Power seems to have been keeping his eye on McDonald, who did indeed lose his job after a

drunken wrestling match with his baggage master outside Antigonish's main hotel. Power replaced McDonald at the station, and none of this altered poor Thompson's hope that, with respect to elections in Antigonish, he would never again be "forced and coaxed and brought to go through this slime."

Vote-buying was as natural as breathing. A man blithely told Thompson he'd vote for him if Thompson would send him \$25 so he could settle his debt to the Liberals. By 1891, Waite writes, "Antigonish had lost none of its greediness; one voter suggested delicately that since his vote helped Thompson to be minister of justice at \$7,000 a year, that vote could be bought, 'strictly below board,' at \$400. Thompson was sure his opponents had plenty of money; some \$20,000 in road money from the Fielding government of Nova Scotia had already been spent and more promised, he told Annie."

But Antigonish may not have been much greedier during elections than other parts of the Maritimes: "Chipman in Kentville [in 1891], trying to help W.C. Bill defeat F.W. Borden in Kings County, wrote anxiously that they had raised \$1,500 in the Valley, had got \$1,000 more [presumably from Ottawa] and wanted a further \$2,000. Chipman promised to raise this extra \$2,000 himself, provided he were promised the vacant Nova Scotia seat in the Senate. Thompson's response was not helpful." Borden beat Bill by 161 votes, and Chipman never made it to the Senate.

Moreover, Queens County "was said to be thoroughly venal." In 1892, the Tory candidate there was A.B. Morine who, curiously, already held a seat in the Newfoundland Assembly. Here, with added punctuation to clarify the message, is a typical telegram from Morine to Thompson: "[Have] only seventeen fifty [\$1750]. With three thousand can win. With less, certainly will lose. Can get cash for remaining twelve fifty [\$1250] if payment assured. Must have that assurance tonight so can go to county tomorrow, or all lost. Will that assurance be given? Rush reply tonight. . . Delay will destroy me." Morine lost.

The money such candidates sought was to buy votes according to a custom of bribery that was as ubiquitous as it was petty. I like to think that in the century that has since passed at least *this* two-bit style of corruption has vanished forever — and that along about 2085 A.D. another Peter Waite will not prove me wrong. ☒

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W A G E N

Making it in films: an East Coast drama

Atlantic Canada's small film industry has always had a hard time impressing the public and potential financial backers. Keeping the industry alive is getting tougher with government funding cuts. But in fact some East Coast filmmakers are succeeding

When Canada's first feature film, *Evangeline*, was shot in Nova Scotia in 1913, the producers of this ambitious attempt to create an indigenous film industry faced a problem that has become all too familiar since — they couldn't establish credibility with local audiences. Today the East Coast film industry faces another peril: in the harsh climate of funding cuts, it is in danger of losing even the tenuous toehold it has established in the region. "Everyone is pretty depressed," is how Halifax filmmaker Bill MacGillivray sums it up.

Filmmakers in Atlantic Canada have long had problems being taken seriously by potential financial backers, including the federal government. Despite the efforts of film producers and the National Film Board (NFB), things haven't changed much. An Atlantic office of the NFB was established in Halifax in 1973, but local producers complain they have been left out in the cold as far as any federal largesse is concerned.

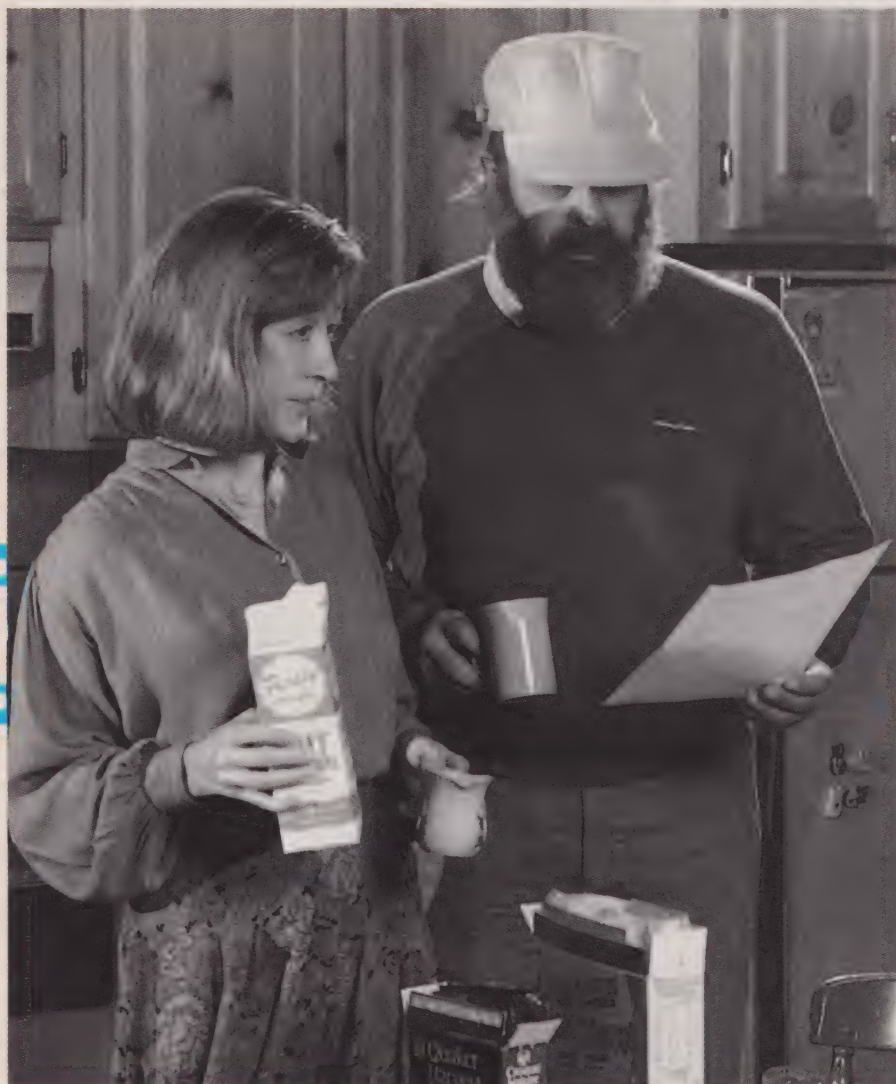
"The film board has been a catalyst in the region," admits contract producer Bill Skerrett. "However, on a percentage basis, we don't get our fair share of contract work down here." Yet, it's the provincial governments which generate the most ire. "This is my home province and my company contributes significantly to the tax base of Nova Scotia by spending production money here," says one Halifax producer. "What does the province do for us? Nothing."

Producers formed the Atlantic Independent Film and Video Association (AIFVA) in 1982 to lobby for a better deal for themselves. The Nova Scotia government responded by appointing a task force to study the film and video industry. "We wanted the ministers to know that the industry here is bubbling and that it wouldn't take a lot of money to restructure funding in any future policy decision," explains MacGillivray, president of AIFVA. So far, however, none of the task force's recommendations have resulted in any commitment from the provincial government.

But David Colville, the province's communications policy director who sat on the task force, says two key areas are under review. One deals with government policy on buying film and video on a contract basis and the other with the feasibility of establishing an agency to fund a feature film industry in the province. "Both of these ventures are at an early stage," says Colville. "We are preparing draft documents to go to cabinet for approval."

The Nova Scotia Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness has funded the Film Resource Centre in Halifax for the past five years. "We actively promote Nova Scotia as a location for films and we assist producers who come here to find cast, crew and location," says Marcelle Gibson, film resources officer. "It is the only office of its kind in the Atlantic Provinces," she adds.

The filming of such major feature



DON JOHNSON

P.E.I.'s MacAndrew shooting a dairy commercial

Below: Video Atlantic: film equipment for rent



PHOTO COURTESY OF VIDEO ATLANTIC

films as *Echoes of a Summer*, *My Bloody Valentine* and, more recently, *The Bay Boy* which showed in Halifax last fall, may well have created the impression of a cinematic boom in Nova Scotia. But, in fact, such large scale productions merely irritate local producers. "They don't hire local people," complains MacGillivray, referring to major American studios which import their own crews. "The only people who benefit are the motel operators."

Gibson admits that she has her work cut out for her when other provinces offer cash incentives to encourage producers to shoot on their turf. Last fall a feature film originally scheduled for Port Hawkesbury, N.S., relocated to New Brunswick because the provincial government offered a cash incentive. This summer there are tentative plans for several major U.S. studios to shoot feature films in Nova Scotia.

Michael Donovan, an independent producer based in Halifax, thinks the Nova Scotia government is only paying lip service to local filmmakers. "Agencies such as the Film Resource Centre are underfunded to the point of disfunction," he says. "We want a key commitment by the provincial government." Donovan would like to see a film development agency established in Nova Scotia, along the lines of those in Alberta and Quebec, to foster the home-grown industry. His company's first feature film, *South Pacific*, was produced with a modest budget of \$250,000, none of which came from



PHOTO COURTESY OF N.S. ARCHIVES

Evangeline: marketing problems plagued producers of the region's first film in 1913

government sources.

Bob Miller, president of Atlantic Media Works in Fredericton, agrees that regional producers are not getting a fair shake. "There seems to be a mind-set by government people that it can't be done in the region. Government and industry are used to paying big bucks and getting no hassles by using outside ad agencies

but now they are going to have to start trusting local producers. There is a real flowering of good quality production houses here now." Miller doesn't advocate regionalism for its own sake. "It makes good economic and political sense but we must deliver the same quality and match the standard."

Meanwhile, Atlantic Canadian pro-

ducts ranging from beer, apple juice and chocolates to telephone service and lottery tickets are being promoted by commercials made outside the region. Mike Doyle, a member of the Newfoundland Film Makers Co-op, which celebrates its tenth anniversary this year, is outraged by this type of mentality. "All the glossy commercials are farmed out," says Doyle. "To my knowledge no commercial with a budget over \$10,000 has ever been produced by a local producer." He says that over 90 per cent of the money spent by the Newfoundland government on film is given to out-of-province producers. "It's not a well accepted thing that the image-makers are here," he says. "Provincial government support of organizations that are in the artistic sphere is lamentable."

Newfoundland producers want to make films reflecting Newfoundland's cultural identity, says Doyle, and the real champion of that has been the NFB. "They have given freedom to filmmakers because they have a sense of the importance of the films of the region." Although the NFB's future role is under scrutiny by the federal government, the executive producer for the Atlantic regional office, Barry Cowling, remains convinced that any changed status will result in the strengthening rather than the weakening of the NFB in the region. The organization has "a commitment to strengthen the regional program."



Brun at sea for *The Puracone Factor*

Local filmmakers are turning towards the Atlantic office of Telefilm Canada as a potential savior. As the federal agency responsible for the administration of the Canadian broadcast program development fund, which has a total budget of \$254 million earmarked for the independent film production industry between



NOSNHOE NOD

Miller: government must trust local producers

1983 and 1988, Telefilm's presence is seen as a positive sign. "However, we have yet to see whether or not it will bear fruit," says Bill MacGillivray. "They want formula films for television," says Mike Doyle, who feels that such blatant commercialism sullies the art of filmmaking.

Jack MacAndrew disagrees. MacAndrew, president of Points East Productions and Video Atlantic in Prince Edward Island, is adamant that filmmakers will only survive in the present climate if they produce what the market wants. "There has to be a greater sense of sophistication on the part of Atlantic producers. People are loath to put money into someone who doesn't have a track record," MacAndrew says. "Whether they like it or not everyone works for 'the man' and, as a result, he has the right to know where his money is going."

Indeed, the traditionally "arms length" approach towards cultural agencies, which many filmmakers advocate, may be pie in the sky if the philosophy of Communications Minister Marcel Masse is emulated by his provincial counterparts. Masse has indicated that he sees "accountability" as an integral part of any arts funding. "I am sure that 99 per cent of the people in this country would agree that they have paid taxes and part of those taxes are for creativity and the artists but they want to have value for their tax dollar," Masse said recently.

It's this attitude that alarms some



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SPECIAL REPORT

members of the local filmmaking fraternity. "How much more competitive is it going to be with less funds to go around when we go for Canada Council funding?" asks Lulu Keating of the Atlantic Filmmakers Co-operative, one of four such co-ops in the Atlantic Provinces. "If we have to look for corporate funding what kind of limitations will be put on our art?"

Funding for the Halifax co-op comes from the Canada Council, the National Film Board and the provincial Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness. A small amount of revenue is generated through membership dues, payment for

workshops and film rentals. One of the major frustrations of the situation, according to Keating, is the whole issue of dependency on government for funding. "We want to assert our independence," she says.

Michael Brun of Marina Films Ltd. in Chester, N.S., says there is a natural reticence on the part of some businessmen to deal with filmmakers. "The main problem is that most businessmen look on filmmakers as arts people. You have to show them that high quality films can be made anywhere and marketed internationally." Brun's way of creating trust in the Halifax business community when he

moved to Nova Scotia from Ontario six years ago was to produce three movies on ocean racing which he sold in Canada and Europe. "Most of the businessmen I wanted to approach were associated with the sea so I had a unique calling card."

Brun financed the films through his own production company after getting a pre-sale commitment from the CBC. The programs not only aired on network television but boosted Nova Scotia's image. More important, they provided a large chunk of the \$140,000 pre-production funds required to launch Brun's first feature film, *The Puracone Factor*, which is being shot in the province this summer.

*We're coming back
like never before, Halifax.*



The remainder of the production money came through corporate and private sector investment. "It took three years of planning to gain investor confidence," says Brun. Filmmaking is a business like any other, he says. "You produce films and channel the profits into other productions."

Brun and Video Atlantic's MacAndrew both chose to relocate in Atlantic Canada, opting for quality of life over the financial and professional benefits of being in the mainstream. "My whole point and purpose in escaping from (Ontario) purgatory," explains MacAndrew, "was that I believe that there is a tremendous potential for quality programs using the Maritime context, not of a

parochial nature, but of a universal nature."

Bill Niven, director of the Atlantic office of Telefilm Canada, agrees there's an enormous talent pool in the region. In the first three months of operation, his office has received eight applications from filmmakers in the Atlantic Provinces, compared with a total of nine in 10 years when the region was handled by the Toronto headquarters. "The office is here now and the industry is getting geared up to go," says Niven.

With two feature films already on the circuits and a third due for release this summer, Michael Donovan acknowledges that his company's future productions will be influenced by the guidelines for Tele-

film funding. The criteria that producers must meet to be eligible for funding are that the programming fall within the areas of drama, children's or variety; producers must have a broadcast licence from a television network; they must raise two-thirds of the production money; and the crew must be Canadian.

"The production industry was in danger of getting wiped out in this country," says Niven. "We have to start producing our own prime time programming if we are to survive." Survival in the film industry has never been an easy feat. Now the mortality rate is likely to be even higher unless more producers are willing to sacrifice their "art" and produce the kinds of films that also turn a profit. ☐

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That tempting forbidden fruit!

The four winning recipes in the Great Nova Scotia Apple Cook-off contest. The most tempting apple ideas since Eve took her first bite

Apples have been tempting us ever since the days of Adam and Eve, which shows that they are the most ancient and well-known of all fruits. What makes them so attractive? They taste great. On top of that, serving them can be as simple as crunching into one or as detailed as you want for a main meal or delicious dessert.

In the area of modern Iraq thought to be the site of the Garden of Eden apples grew wild and of course they were the forbidden fruit. In religious painting, they represent the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Archaeologists have unearthed fossilized apples 10,000 to 15,000 years old and the fruit was sacred to Aphrodite in Greek mythology.

The first apples grown in Canada were cultivated in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley by French settlers. The Valley is now one of five regions in Canada where the climate and soil are ideal for producing top-quality apples. The Saint John River Valley in New Brunswick is another.

The Atlantic region's apples have long been recognized for their superior quality — for example, Nova Scotia apples won the silver and bronze medals at the Royal Horticultural Society's International Fruit and Vegetable show in 1832.

Of the more than 30 varieties now available in Canada, McIntosh, Spartan and Red and Golden Delicious are favorites as eating apples.

Choose varieties that hold their shape well if you plan to bake them. Pies taste best if you use tart, juicy apples, such as Spy and Idareds. Other apples that are good for baking are Rome and Golden Delicious.

The following recipes were selected from more than 15,000 that poured in for *The Great Nova Scotia Apple Cook-off* contest, sponsored by the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers Association. The judges had a rough time picking the winners. All the recipes looked delicious. The winners in the four categories were all from Nova Scotia. They were: *Apple Adventure* — Ellen Sweeny, of Yarmouth, for her Apple Ambrosia; *Cooked with Meat and Poultry* — Betty Calkin, of Berwick, with Deep Dish Turkey-Apple Pie; *Traditional* — Billie Robson, of Halifax, won with Apple Under; *Salads and Appetizers* — Heather Marks, of Truro, for Sparkling Apple Ice Salad.

Sparkling Apple Ice Salad

- 1 3-oz. package lemon Jello
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup diced peeled apples
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup diced celery

Dissolve Jello in hot water and add lemon juice, pineapple juice and mayonnaise. Whip until smooth. Chill until slightly thickened. Add pineapple, apple and celery. Turn into 8-inch square pan or mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve on salad greens garnished with spiced crabapples.

Deep Dish Turkey-Apple Pie

- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 3 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 2 cups cubed, cooked turkey
- 2 cups cubed, cored unpared apples
- 2 cans cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup seedless raisins (more if desired)
- 1 can drained mushrooms, stems & pieces
- 1/8 tsp. poultry seasoning

Heat oven to 425°F. Sauté onion in butter until tender. Combine with undiluted mushroom soup, turkey, apples, raisins, mushroom stems and pieces and poultry seasoning. Turn mixture into a 2-quart baking dish.



Pastry

1 cup flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup shortening
 2 1/2 tbsp. cold water

With a pastry blender, cut until the consistency of coarse meal. Sprinkle cold water over, mixing lightly with a fork. Chill until ready to use.

Prepare pastry — roll to 1/8 inch thickness, and cut to fit baking dish, making decorative slits for steam. Lay pastry over turkey mixture and fit to dish. Seal firmly around edges. Sprinkle 3/4 cup of your favorite cheese (which has been shredded) over top of pastry to give added flavor. Bake 30 minutes in 425°F oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 350°F for an additional 20 minutes or until golden brown.

Apple Ambrosia (8-12 servings)

Heat oven to 275°F. Butter bottom and sides of a 10-inch springform pan. Dust bottom and sides with a mixture of 1/2 cup graham wafer crumbs, 1 tbsp. sugar and 1/4 tsp. of cinnamon and 1/4 tsp. nutmeg. Pour filling into prepared pan. Bake 70 minutes. Turn off oven and leave for 1 hour without opening door. Remove from oven and cool. Spread top with apple glaze. Remove from pan just before serving.

Filling

5 eggs, separated
 1 cup granulated sugar
 2 250 g packages cream cheese;
 softened to room temperature
 1 250 ml tub sour cream
 2 tbsp. flour
 1 tsp. vanilla

In large bowl beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Set aside.

In another bowl

beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in sugar. Break up cream cheese; add to egg mixture beating until smooth. Add sour cream, flour and vanilla; continue beating until smooth. Gently fold cheese mixture into beaten egg whites and pour into prepared pan.

Apple Glaze

6 medium-size firm, unblemished apples
 apple juice
 1/3 cup lemon juice
 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 2 tbsp. cornstarch
 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Peel and core apples and cut into 8 to 10 pieces each. Place 1/2 cup apple juice in a skillet and bring to simmer. Add apple slices and poach until barely tender.

Meanwhile mix sugar, cornstarch and spices together in small sauce pan. When apple slices are tender, drain carefully, saving juice. Arrange apple slices in attractive pattern on top of cooled cheesecake. Add enough apple juice to that saved from poaching process to make 2/3 cup juice. Add this apple juice and 1/3 cup lemon juice to sugar mixture in sauce pan. Mix well and cook over high heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat and cool. While still of pouring consistency, pour over the apple slices arranged on the cheesecake. Refrigerate until set.

Apple Under

5 cups apples

Pare, core, cut up, in greased, fairly deep dish, about 9 inches square. Sprinkle lightly with light brown sugar and cinnamon, and dot with butter.

Syrup

1 cup light brown sugar
 1 cup water
 1/8 tsp. cinnamon
 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
 2 tbsp. butter

Pastry

1 cup flour)
 1/2 tsp. salt) Sift
 1 tsp. baking powder)
 6 tbsp. shortening — cut in
 1/4 cup milk — add all at once, stir lightly
 just until moistened — making a sticky
 dough

On lightly floured *waxed paper*, gently roll pastry to fit pan. Lay pastry and waxed paper together over apples, peel off waxed paper. Cut several holes in pastry.

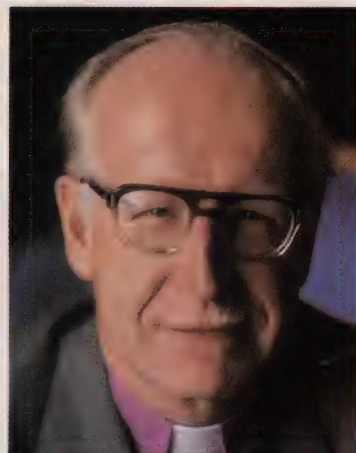
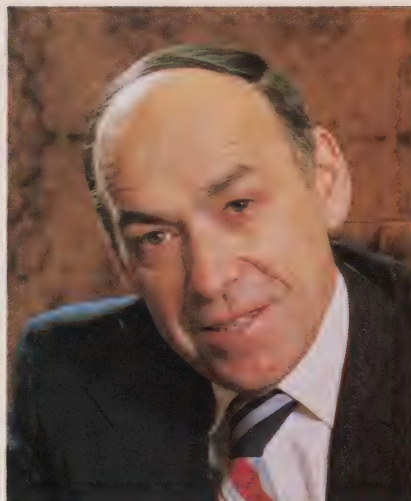
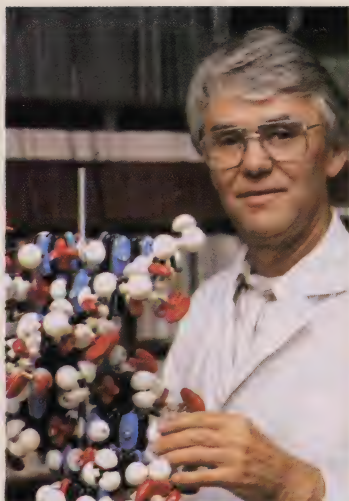
Pour hot syrup over, drenching all pastry.

Bake in 375° oven 35 minutes or until apples are tender and crust golden. Makes 4-6 servings. Serve hot. Also good cold.

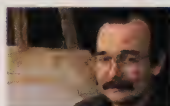
Ice cream goes well! ☑



The winners: Sweeny (left), Marks, Calkin and Robson



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A Texan departs at midnight and a dream of oil goes bust

Oil drilling on land in Cape Breton raised some hopes high. Now all that's left are dry holes, unpaid creditors and unanswered questions — especially about the role of PIP, the now-abolished federal Petroleum Incentives Program

by Richard Starr

Fanfare and visions of a multi-million-dollar drilling program greeted the arrival of Cape Breton's short-lived oil boom in June of 1983. Nine months later, when the boom went bust, nobody waved goodbye as a Texas wildcatter towed his drilling rig back across the Canso Causeway, heading west.

His midnight departure ended a brief flurry of onland oil exploration in northeastern Nova Scotia. Left behind were four dry wells and a pair of surface holes, some badly burned local contractors and lingering questions about the operations of the federal government's since-abolished Petroleum Incentives Program (PIP).

At the centre of the story is David G. Hughes, a promoter in his 30s who moves around a lot. Hughes is reportedly from

Kamloops, B.C., and has connections in Edmonton and in the Oklahoma oil patch. But he was in Hamilton, Ont., when he met up with Joyce Miles, a Toronto real estate broker who was looking for someone to explore property along the Strait of Canso where she and a partner, Sigma Resources Inc., of London, U.K., hold oil leases. That was in March, 1983. By June, Hughes was telling a Halifax press conference of plans by his company, Corkan Engineering, to drill up to 75 wells in the Strait area, at a cost of \$16 million to \$20 million. It didn't happen.

When work ended in March, 1984, only six wells had been started. Two wells — at Port Malcolm and North Glen in Richmond County — were drilled to about 4,000 feet each without finding oil. Another was drilled to 1,300 feet and abandoned; a sixth was stopped after

about 800 feet and two others never went beyond 200 feet.

For many of the Strait area contractors who found work in the "oil boom," Corkan's abrupt departure was not a complete surprise. The company had started falling behind in its obligations as Christmas 1983 approached, but Hughes blamed the problem on delayed payments from PIP. Local contractors, who say they are owed about \$200,000 for their work on the exploration program, kept hearing that excuse long after Corkan left, despite the fact that the company had collected nearly \$1.3 million in PIP incentives by the time it left.

"As far as I'm concerned now, the money's gone, and that's it," says Bernie Proctor, an electrical contractor in Port Hawkesbury who is owed \$7,500. Others were hit harder than Proctor. One contractor is owed about \$40,000 for road construction into the drilling sites, Imperial Oil is stuck with a bill for \$18,000, and a crane operator is out about \$11,000.

"It really hurts," says Eddy Boudreau, a welder from Louisdale in Richmond County, who is owed \$5,000. "But what I really want to know is how in the heck a man like that can get away with it?"

That's a question a lot of people have been asking.

Last September CBC-TV's *The Fifth Estate* reported extensively on the Corkan Affair. Reporter Eric Malling said that by Dec. 31, 1983, Hughes and his com-



Electrician Bernie Proctor: contractors in the Strait of Canso area were stuck for \$200,000

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STRICTLY BUSINESS

pany had received more than \$1 million from PIP through the standard arrangement in which onland explorers get back 35 per cent of their drilling costs. Yet, claimed Malling, actual costs for the Strait area project seem to be a lot less than the \$3-million-plus that would be needed to generate a \$1-million subsidy from PIP. And the CBC crew found a Minneapolis businesswoman who said Hughes asked her corporation to produce a \$60,000 invoice for something called a "deviation tool."

So far the CBC seems to be way ahead of federal investigators. The RCMP's commercial crime section in Halifax admitted last spring that it was looking into the Hughes operation. But the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources, which administered the PIP grants, says its legislation won't even allow it to acknowledge the existence of an investigation, let alone talk about its progress. However, neither PIP administrators nor Hughes have challenged *The Fifth Estate's* interpretation of events. Meantime, the Corkan file has been shuffled from Halifax to Ottawa, where RCMP Cpl. Ray Elrick says there's still a lot of investigative legwork to do, including finding David Hughes.

After taking his leave from the Strait area, Hughes resurfaced in the summer of 1984 to run unsuccessfully for the federal Liberal nomination in British Columbia's Kamloops-Shushwap riding. But his creditors haven't heard from him since, and they don't expect to.

"I would just like to see that this couldn't happen again," says Bernie Proctor, who has given up hope of getting what's coming to him. "There was negligence by every level of government. Nobody from PIP ever came out to check on the project. The drilling was never confirmed by a man in the field."

Since being set up in 1980 as part of the Liberal government's National Energy Program, PIP handed out billions in grants for offshore, Arctic and frontier exploration. Energy Minister Pat Carney, when in opposition, said the program was being used "to drill dry holes." But PIP spokesman Marcel Gibeault says the Corkan case is an exceptional one: "Ninety-five per cent of the money for offshore, Arctic and drilling in the Beaufort Sea has gone to well-known companies in the oil industry."

Meanwhile, Joyce Miles, who says she has lost \$30,000 as a result of her association with Hughes, is still hoping to strike oil in the Strait area. She started buying up leases in 1978 after Chevron struck oil at Malagawatch on the Bras d'Or Lakes, and she thinks there's more to be found. She's negotiating with a "substantial" Canadian company to start another program. But if that does get off the ground, Mrs. Miles and her associates should not be surprised if Strait area contractors ask for the cash up front before becoming involved.



STRICTLY BUSINESS

Making dough with Mrs. D's Donuts

Ingrid Dunster of Fredericton started making doughnuts to help pay the rent. That was 10 years ago. Now the family-run firm is a \$2 million business. The secret? Quality goods

by Michael Prini

If you build a better mousetrap the world will beat a path to your door, as the saying goes. It's happening to Ingrid Dunster — but it's for her cookies and doughnuts, not mousetraps. Mrs. Dunster's Donuts, a family-run business that had its humble beginnings in Fredericton 10 years ago, expects to produce up to \$2 million worth of these confections this year.

Dunster started making doughnuts in order to help pay her rent. She started by making six or seven at a time in her black pot and selling them to friends and acquaintances. Sales soon surpassed her expectations. A couple of years later she and her husband, Harold, who quit his job as a bread salesman, moved production into a shack with no running water on the outskirts of the city. That's when they hooked up with John Larkin, now vice-president of Mrs. Dunster's Donuts Ltd. "I think I spent two-and-a-half years there making doughnuts and hauling water," says Larkin. "We made a heck of a lot of doughnuts in that time." Even under those rustic circumstances offers started pouring in. Someone at Robin Hood Flour was keeping an eye on them, watching for a stumble which would allow the giant company to swoop in and buy Mrs. Dunster's recipes. Franchise offers came from Ontario and the U.S. A businessman from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, who wanted to buy Mrs. Dunster's name for the American market was the same person who made the International House of Pancakes the breakfast haven of millions.

Mrs. Dunster's Donuts Ltd. was formed in 1980. Ingrid Dunster is president, Harold the company treasurer, daughter Linda is secretary and John Larkin is vice-president. They make an unusual combination for the management of a company. Larkin is aggressive, always looking for ways to expand and boost sales. Ingrid and Harold are cautious, holding back and reviewing details before making a move. The company has never taken the government up on offers of financial assistance. "I wanted to, but it wouldn't have worked to our advantage,"

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Finding money in old files

The files of many firms and institutions have to be kept a long time. Computer filing hasn't solved the problem entirely. For John Brown, managing the paper burden for other people is a business

by Harry Flemming

The paper burden is one of the banes of organizational life. Records, some of which must, by law, be kept for decades, multiply in an apparently geometric progression. Haphazardly filed, they spew out of bursting cardboard containers. It's a costly, inefficient, even dangerous way to do business.

Inevitably, necessity being what it is, someone would come up with the idea of storing documents in a cheaper, more efficient and safer way. That happened in Halifax in 1981. But necessity didn't make for instant success.

John Brown admits, "it was hard sledding at first. It was the height of the recession — hardly the best time to be starting a new type of business. We were forced to take in new partners to survive. But that's all behind us now."

"Us" is Command Services Atlantic Ltd. and Brown is the president. Command's business is records management. On the surface, it's a deceptively simple business — storing for others the tons of rarely used paper they generate. It's a service that's now much in demand. Command's list of clients in the Halifax area is up to 85 and growing. It includes banks, trust companies, insurance and real estate companies, lawyers, accountants, government departments, universities, hotels, hospitals, data processing firms, manufacturers — just about any kind of organization that needs secure and confidential storage of documents and computer tapes.

The advent of widespread use of computers led office managers to think their records storage problems would solve themselves. The opposite has been the case. Not only do printouts occupy costly space, computer tapes and discs present a problem of a new sort. If they are kept in the same building as the printouts, fire or theft could mean the loss of all a company's records. And that, in this age of infinite complexity, is a thought to give rise to the screaming meemies. Brown says that "good computer policy dictates that



DON JOHNSON

Larkin: a triumph for the old fashioned way

explains Larkin. "Say you have planned a \$200,000 expansion and the government gives you \$100,000. You can't write it off although you've expanded. The government is actually loaning you money, because they're going to get it back in taxes," he explains. "They're not giving anything away. But the thing is, if you're unsuccessful, they lose."

Currently Mrs. Dunster's makes about 400 dozen doughnuts an hour. They are sold wholesale to a list of retail clients. The company employs about 35 people and plans to hire 15 more during expansion. It's hard to walk into a supermarket or convenience store and not see the familiar plastic bag containing a dozen or so of the plump sweets. Larkin says he's looking to sign a \$500,000 a year deal with a major supermarket chain in Halifax-Dartmouth by year's end. Larkin is counting on a big sale with lots of exposure. Mrs. Dunster's is also planning to re-enter the Prince Edward Island market, abandoned in favor of expansion elsewhere.

Much of the business comes from Mrs. Dunster's doing things the old-fashioned way. All of the ingredients used in making both white and whole wheat doughnuts are natural, without a trace of preservatives. Because the company is based in the Maritimes it's more accessible

to consumers than a franchise with headquarters 1,000 miles away. Larkin says he's received hundreds of letters from customers. "If someone happens to buy what they think is a bad doughnut, or doesn't think the product is up to snuff, they'll write and tell us about it," says Larkin. "It's almost as if the consumer wants to help us make it." Correspondence isn't limited to consumers in the Maritimes. Larkin says he has heard from people in the U.S. and even Switzerland. "I know a bunch of doctors from out west who buy our doughnuts regularly. By the time they're flown out there, they end up costing six, seven dollars a dozen."

Other plans for expansion include taking a bite of the cookie trade. Mrs. Dunster's is already baking about 100 dozen an hour just for the Fredericton market. "We could make \$1,000,000 this year in cookies alone," says Larkin. "All we have to do is add the cookies to the bottom of the bill. The stores are already billed for the doughnuts." The cookies are made in much the same manner as the doughnuts. The formula for success at Mrs. Dunster's seems to be simplicity, backed by the best ingredients available. Every precaution is taken to ensure the best products are used. Where water could be substituted and still make a decent batter, the company opts for milk. Mrs. Dunster wouldn't have an inferior product going out of her kitchen.

Perhaps Mrs. Dunster's biggest nip at the competition will be to open a couple of its own franchises this year. One will go into operation in Fredericton, the other in Halifax. This year, says Larkin, the firm will start its move from producing a product to providing a service, much like Tim Horton's. A separate operation will be set up to prepare the doughnut and cookie mixes for delivery to the franchises. Larkin says the first few stores will likely be given to employees who have been with the company since its inception. Those people, he says, will be replaced in their present functions by other employees picked out of the company. "Besides the best ingredients, we depend on good workers." If these outlets prove successful, the time will then come to look elsewhere for expansion, perhaps outside of the Maritimes.

Last year, Mrs. Dunster's Donuts Ltd. received one of four awards handed out by the New Brunswick Department of Commerce and Development. It came under the heading, "dynamic company," listing an annual growth rate of 66 per cent or more. It was the only company to receive the award that did not depend on any government assistance. "We're just ready to roll," says Larkin. "This looks like a good year for us. Like I was saying to some high school students I was talking to, some people don't know what to do career-wise, they should look at getting into business, small business. You never know, the guy walking down the street may discover something and try to sell it and the next thing you know, he's a millionaire."



John Brown in his warehouse: the paper burden increases despite computers

one of the father, son or grandfather tapes be kept offsite."

It also makes direct dollars and cents sense to use Command's services. "Downtown office rents are \$15 to \$25 a square foot, and most new buildings don't have large storage areas," says Brown. "Even at minimum storage rates, our rates are 20 per cent less. At prime office space rents, our rates are 300 per cent less."

Records management involves more than secure storage at minimum cost. The first request Brown makes of a new client is "Show me your paper flow. We're like the auditors who come in each year. We


advise which records should be kept on the client's premises, and which ones should be placed in inactive storage and which ones should be destroyed on a programmed basis. We help clients apply a discipline, a system to their record keeping. We do a review with the client at least once a year."

Brown's use of the auditor analogy comes naturally. He's a Scottish-trained chartered accountant who came to Canada in 1953. He's worked as an accountant and management consultant and has held a number of senior financial and administrative positions with Canadian corporations. A hobby is a

business asset: at his home in Wolfville, Brown is a computer buff.

Command's specially designed building is located in Bedford's Atlantic Acres Industrial Park. Of steel and concrete construction, it's windowless and spotlessly clean. With 18,500 square feet of floor space, it is capable of storing more than 100,000 cubic feet of hard copy records. Thousands of computer tapes, discs and other magnetic media are held in the climate-controlled steel vault. Sophisticated burglar and fire alarm systems and special police surveillance make the building as secure as any building can be.

Incoming material — Command has its own bonded pickup and delivery service — is promptly packed and stored in any of six Command-designed containers and is labelled with the client's code number (to ensure confidentiality). Then it's assigned an aisle, bay, shelf and carton number. Nothing gets lost or misplaced. Steel shelves and catwalks are assembled like a giant meccano set. Once a document has outlived its legal or practical purpose, the client may order its destruction on Command's shredding machine — nothing is sent to the dump unshredded.

Although the vast majority of Command's clients are located in the Halifax area, there is one notable exception. Atlantic Lottery Corp. of Moncton chose Command for its records management. Why? Says Brown, "we're the only one with the security they needed." 



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OLKS

The regular paper boy on **Cleaver MacLean's** route went into early retirement after collecting his Christmas handouts more than a year ago, so the 63-year-old retired CNR employee decided to take on the job himself. The more than 100 customers on his early-morning route are delighted with the service provided by their new delivery boy. Cleaver spent 42 years with the railway, most of them as a yard car checker. That had him on the job at 5 a.m. and after three years in retirement he found he still wanted to get up early. His early morning habits are good news for his Charlottetown *Guardian* customers, who find the paper on the doorsteps every morning at six o'clock. "I started out with 60 papers

Cleaver delivering *The Guardian*: "I like to get out early"

more than a year ago and found that I liked having something to do early in the morning, so I built the list up to 104 customers," MacLean explains. "I start out at 5:15 a.m., the route covers about two-and-a-half miles, and I am usually finished by 6:30." MacLean doesn't have much opportunity to socialize though. Few of his customers are up and about when he comes calling, but he has more than a passing acquaintance with several dogs and the odd skunk. He used to carry a pick handle to challenge surly dogs, until their owners kept them indoors, but the skunks present a problem, especially in the fall when he covers the route before daylight. Cleaver nets about \$40 a week for his work, which comes in handy for a senior citizen trying to make ends meet on a pension, but the money is not the attraction in his case. "I like to get out early, I enjoy it, and my wife doesn't mind because I have been getting out early all my life." In addition to his paper route, Cleaver putters around his backyard workshop, fixing and building things, and for 25 years or more has been the official timer at most important hockey games in the Charlottetown area. He's one more senior citizen who is not interested in laying back and taking life too easy.

Ellison Whynot, 54, of Bridgewater, N.S., has been smoking up mouth-watering foods for nearly four decades. From his father, he learned to cure and smoke hams, bacons, bass, gaspereau and "anything that comes." Largely as a hobby, Whynot shovels the birch and maple hardwood sawdust over hot coals in the 12-foot cylindrical steel smoke house at the rear of his home. He tends the fire, making sure it doesn't blaze up,

almost round the clock. "I go out about midnight to smother it down until morning." Four or five days later, out come the tasty meats and fish. The secret of success is in the salting, he says. "If you don't get it right it will sour. I wheeled a good many wheelbarrows of fish down to the swamp and buried it before I got it right." He insists on using birch or maple sawdust. Once it was cheap and plentiful. Today it is in demand for use in greenhouses and Whynot has to keep a close eye on the local mills to find it. "You have to pay quite a bit for it." Whynot's wife, Florence, now also an old hand at smoking meats and fish, learned the hard way to keep the fire in check. Shortly after they were married, she thought she'd give the smoking a boost by adding kerosene and hemlock bark to the fire. "All that was left of the shad were the heads," Whynot chuckles. His products are much in demand at the regular Bridgewater firemen's breakfasts. At a recent event, he worked from 5 a.m. until noon frying up 153 pounds of his bacon. "I guess I was tired," he said. "But I love cooking. Sometimes my wife and I bake as many as 27 to 30 apple pies at a time. I'll eat anything but suet cake."

Edna Hébert is home now, painting portraits, landscapes and miniatures in her small house in Petit Pokemouche, N.B., outside Shippegan. She honed her painting skills during her 25 years as a member of the religious order Franciscaine-de-Marie, which sent her to Rome and Jerusalem to study Christian art. In addition to portraying many cardinals and popes for the Vatican, she has painted portraits of other notables ranging from Jordan's King Hussein to New Brunswick industrialist K.C. Irving. She says, however, that her first and greatest love is painting icons — religious images which commonly represent Christ or the Virgin Mary, or less commonly some saint, and are considered to be an aid for a devotee in making prayers heard by the holy figure represented. When Hébert's skills first became apparent, the order sent her to Rome to study under Italian masters and, in 1959, to Jerusalem, where she studied Christian art under Russian iconographer Nikolai Schelechoff. For many years, she illustrated church history books and produced icons and paintings for gifts. But the Middle East's climate and long working hours took their toll on her health. In 1975 she returned to Canada to recover and in 1982 moved home from Montreal. In addition to painting, this gentle, soft-spoken woman now devotes part of each week to restoring the artworks in various Roman Catholic churches in northern New Brunswick. Every morning she walks the fields near her home, where her father and grandfather made their living as farmers. For this Acadian missionary-artist, happiness is being home, surrounded by the language and culture that shaped her and gave her art expression.



RICHARD FLIR/DON



PETER GAIRD

Montgomery: "I'd like to see more outdoor sculpture in Newfoundland"

How do you tell a good sculpture? "Balance, design and the quality of the finish," says Ferryland, Nfld., sculptor **Stewart Montgomery**. "A sculpture should look as if all the elements belong to each other. There should be a feeling of massiveness and simplicity." Montgomery's most recent project is also the most massive he has undertaken so far although he specializes in large commissions. This sculpture will serve as the centerpiece of a park specially designed to commemorate the 84 lives lost on the *Ocean Ranger* drilling rig which sank in 1982. "I took in six drawings," says Montgomery, "and then narrowed it down to two. The cairn shape was eventually rejected as too morbid. An anchor shape was decided on, finally, as more could be read into it." Montgomery, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, came to Newfoundland at age 11 with his father, a Moravian missionary. His interest in sculpture began after he left art school. "I had a friend who was a blacksmith and I always found it fascinating to visit his shop," he says. Past projects have included an out-

door sculpture for the 1976 sailing Olympics in Kingston, Ont., and a 100-foot long piece for Atlantic Place in St. John's. Like most sculptors in Canada, Montgomery has known lean periods. "Commissions sort of go in cycles," he says, "one starts and the others follow." In between times Montgomery has worked at everything from welding to sign painting. "I'd like to see more outdoor sculpture in Newfoundland," says Montgomery — "on hilltops, near the ocean. When I visit Ottawa, or Kingston or London, England, I have a great time going out and looking at the sculpture. St. John's, in contrast, is sculpture poor. Even if they didn't commission new work, it would be grand to have a place to put up sculptures artists already had."

When the **Retired Teachers Association of Carleton County, N.B.**, first began to think about publishing a history of the county's schools as a project during last year's provincial bicentennial, the members had no idea they might end up with a best seller on their hands. Yet this is exactly what the group's *A History of*

A bestseller for retired teachers in Carleton County, N.B.

Schools in Carleton County turned out to be, selling out its 1,000-copy first printing within days of its release last December. Half of a hastily arranged second run of 750 copies was back-ordered before it came off the presses in early March. Most of the sales have been to residents of the largely rural Carleton County (population about 25,000), a market penetration rate that would make many a commercial publisher envious. Association member and former district superintendent **Suther M. O'Regan** thinks the book is so popular because people like to reminisce. "They find a good many memories in it. In fact, the only ones upset at all are people who have found something left out." The oversize paperback sells for \$7.00. The association received funding from the federal New Horizons program as well as New Brunswick's Bicentennial Commission to help publish the book. "It's been a great pleasure to us that it has sold as well as it has," says O'Regan. Local writer **George Peabody**, who acted as consulting editor for the project, agrees with O'Regan about the reasons for the book's success. "There's a lot of nostalgia in the anecdotes and the photographs, but it's also a pretty good local history. The old one-room schoolhouses were often better at providing an education than people who didn't go to them are apt to believe. I think people appreciate having something that reminds them of that."

Chalk up another mark for Newfoundland humorist **Ray Guy**. This time he's written a full-length drama for the stage. *Young Triffie's Been Made Away With* started drawing sell-out crowds from the day it opened at the Longshoremen's Protective Union Hall in St. John's. Its run through April was so successful it may open again this summer. "People really enjoy Ray Guy," says director **Mary Walsh**, who once worked with Guy in a CBC TV series. "People really enjoy his black view of things." The play, set in 1947 amidst the post-war angst pervading the small Newfoundland community of Swyres Harbour, deals with the question of who murdered Tryphenia Maud Pottle, the retarded, 17-year-old daughter of the half-mad Pastor William Henry Pottle and his late wife. The list of suspects is as long as the characters are bizarre. "Our hero is a Newfoundland Ranger and we have a fire and brimstone preacher, a village idiot and the inevitable nosey post-mistress," says Walsh. Guy, born in Arnold's Cove on Placentia Bay and now living in St. John's, is an award-winning humorist and author. He has also been a television actor and, of course, is a columnist for *Atlantic Insight*. His books include *You May Know Them As Sea Urchins*, *Ma'am* and *That Far Greater Bay*, for which he received the prestigious Stephen Leacock Award for Humor in 1977. What inspired him to write a whodunnit? "My wife endlessly reads trashy novels, about 10 a week. It's the ruination of one's fine mind." ☐



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OCEANS

Hindsight on the Petitcodiac

It's nearly 20 years since they put a causeway across the once-wide river. The results are mixed, but Moncton's famous tidal bore is now something of a civic embarrassment

by Lynn Davies

In southeastern New Brunswick at the head of Shepody Bay, a long brown arm of the ocean reaches inland, narrows gradually, makes a right-angled, westward turn at Moncton, and stops abruptly in front of a 3,445-foot-long causeway. A lesson learned in hindsight, the Petitcodiac River shows how a once-wide tidal river, and the life it supports, reacts to the intrusion of a man-made barrier. The causeway, which cut off the upper 13 miles of the Petitcodiac, has had an unforeseen effect on the famous tidal bore, hampered the seasonal passage of thousands of salmon, and transformed the riverscape in general.

Completed in 1968, the new causeway was meant to relieve agricultural authorities of the need to maintain dykes on the upper Petitcodiac. It would also form a necessary second bridge across the river and create some extra acreage and an attractive recreational lake west of Moncton. But no studies were made of the possible effects of a barrier on a tidal river known for its high silt content.

Visible siltation began before the project was even finished. Each tide carries about half a million tons of silt up Shepody Bay and into the Petitcodiac, giving the river its chocolate color. Any obstruction that halts the surge of tidal waters gives the silt time to filter out and settle onto the river bottom. What once travelled up and down the length of the river with the tide now stayed in place, building tidal flats eventually exposed to the drying effects of the sun. Some 20 acres of new marshland have been established on these mudflats in the Moncton area, providing an expanded habitat for herons, muskrats and other wildlife.

That's the positive side. But like many rivers in the Fundy area, the Petitcodiac has a tidal bore, a daily wave that signals the arrival of high tide. In Moncton, the bore can raise the water level of the river up to 25 feet in an hour — a phenomenon

touted as a major tourist attraction by the city. Project engineers had predicted that the causeway would make the tidal bore "sharper, more pronounced and more regular." The opposite happened. The bore has been diminished considerably.

Con Desplanque of Amherst, N.S., is a retired hydrologist and tidal expert who came from Holland in 1959 to work in the marshes with the federal government's Maritime Marshlands Rehabilitation Administration, which also directed the construction of the causeway. Over the years he has observed the behavior of the tidal bore.

Desplanque says that bores are such fickle phenomena, some disappearing na-



A buildup of mud below the new causeway: far-reaching effects

turally over time, that not a lot is known about them. Their development requires special conditions. Bores need a large tidal range, as in the Bay of Fundy, and a shallow estuary within that tidal range, as in the upper reaches of Shepody Bay. Only a perfectly flat river bottom, like that of the pre-causeway Petitcodiac, allows the bore time to grow in size and momentum as it rolls upriver.

Before the causeway, the bore used to reach its peak a little beyond Moncton and travel all the way to Salisbury, an additional 13 miles. Now it peaks a little downstream of Moncton and then decreases in size. Tide tables used to be reasonably accurate in predicting the arrival of the bore. These days, the wave can be up to 40 to 75 minutes later than the estimated time of arrival.

A change in the slope of the riverbed

GARY GRIFFIN

OCEANS

has contributed to the decline of the Petitcodiac tidal bore, as has a reduction in the "tidal prism" — the volume of water that can be held upriver in an estuary between high and low tides. At the causeway, this volume has disappeared entirely. At Moncton, says Desplanque, silt deposits have narrowed the river by about 1,475 feet. Siltation has also increased the gradient of the river from Stoney Creek, where the bore begins to take shape, to Moncton, eight miles upriver, where the bore peters out.

"Unless another causeway is built across the river," says Desplanque, "there will always be a Petitcodiac tidal bore." But Carl Amos, an oceanographer at the Bedford Institute of Oceanography, is not so sure. According to Amos, the bore is not only late but suffers a reduction in speed because of a frictional effect, the result of decreased depth and a narrowed channel. The bore, he says, will remain seaward no matter what. "But it could conceivably disappear from the Moncton area. The closer to the causeway, the more the bore is restricted."

According to Art Buck, director of the Moncton Community Services Department, the bore may be late but it's still a significant attraction. "But to be honest, we haven't been pushing the bore. There is a psychological attitude in that we're embarrassed about the river. We don't like to admit that it's deteriorating."

Anything that stops the flow of tidal waters is also bound to disrupt the passage of salmon, shad, searun trout, gaspereau, and striped bass that ascend the river annually. When plans for the causeway were announced, local fishermen suggested that a short bridge span rather than a step-type fish ladder be included in the structure. They wanted to maintain some of the best fishing to be found anywhere in New Brunswick. The Petitcodiac and its five tributaries drain a watershed of 553 square miles, and above Salisbury 125 miles of good salmon river still exist, including the North, Anagance, Coverdale, and main Petitcodiac rivers. On the average, anglers caught about 100 salmon per year during the 10 years prior to construction of the causeway. The seasonal run was estimated at 2,000 to 3,000 salmon.

The year the river was closed, dead salmon were found on the mudflats below the structure. Although some shad and salmon were spotted above the causeway, the previous heavy runs were conspicuously absent. After 1968 the salmon angling catch was practically nil.

The fish had trouble locating the one-foot-wide opening of the ladder in a barrier well over 3,000 feet long, and were often confused by the control gates which usually leaked fresh water in an effort to maintain the level of Lake Petitcodiac. However, \$700,000 worth of structural

changes were made to the causeway in 1981. Now the fish can ascend the 32-pool fishway or jump the eight-foot waterfall formed by a single gate leaking fresh water. A stocking and trapping program has yielded varying but generally encouraging results.

But there are also problems created by a man-made warm water basin on the west side of the causeway. The sparkling blue waters of Lake Petitcodiac are so polluted from farm wastage and storm sewer runoff that tagging wounds on the salmon have to be cauterized to prevent infection. In the summer, the lake can heat up to 73 degrees, encouraging the fish to linger in the cool stream-fed pools below, instead of heading for the river system above the lake. The depth of the lake is also decreasing because of the infiltration of tidal silt through the fishway and erosion of the shoreline due to wave action.

Seventeen years later the two-lane causeway can't accommodate the increasing traffic flow between Moncton and Riverview, and plans are in the making for a new four-lane bridge to be constructed near the site of the present Gunningsville Bridge, located one mile downriver from the causeway. Built in 1916, the span of the old bridge illustrates the original width of the river. It now traverses a narrow shallow channel and a generous expanse of grassy marshland — testimony to the remains of a tidal river. ☒



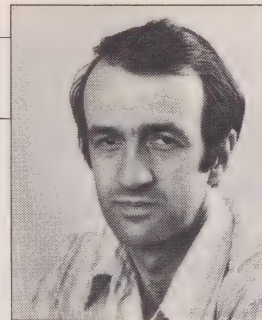
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A role better than muddling for Canada in the arms race



The Canadian government is in a muddle over Star Wars, as Canadian governments usually are over military policy. But it has left enough evasions and obliquenesses fall to indicate that it knows, like all other governments of the Western world, that Star Wars is a piece of rather poisonous baloney cooked up by minds that have consumed too many comic books. If it wasn't the president of the United States proposing it, the thing would have been laughed into oblivion from the outset.

Yet it is the president of the United States saying it and so, as we might expect, the Canadian government gags on whatever doubts it has and stays in line. In its muddle, the justification it chooses for staying in line is the most watery one it can find: that the dazzling new technologies associated with the Strategic Defence Initiative, as the system is called, will provide jobs in Canada, assuming we co-operate now.

The government, in short, would rather be cheaply bought than admit that it lacks the courage to address directly the most crucial issue ever to face the human species — the arms race — because it might incur the displeasure of the United States.

This displeasure, admittedly, is no paltry thing and it might well be stale and unprofitable to keep browbeating this perpetual Hamlet, the Government of Canada, for its irresolution. Canada, after all, is not alone in this quandary. Most of the allies of both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have the same problem in their varying degrees.

The question is: even if they did find the courage, what could the non-nuclear nations do to tone down the macabre dance of arms escalation of the superpowers, which insist that everyone else follow in step? Or, rather, that should be the question. Even asking it seems to be difficult, so loud is the ideological din between the superpowers, and so insistent are they on total loyalty to their designs.

The more incredible, outlandish and dangerous the arms race becomes, the more pressing it is that the non-nuclear nations make their case, and make it dramatically. It would seem to be self-evident by now that any nation which possesses nuclear weapons cannot also possess wisdom. This applies to Britain and France — whose arsenals are mostly monuments to the vainglory of dead empires — as much as to the superpowers, or indeed to any of the half dozen nations that may have a secret nuclear weapon

hidden away. Whatever rationality there is to be found among nations on the nuclear arms issue will have to come from those without nuclear arms. Countries like Canada will have to find both wisdom on this matter and the courage to state it.

Here is the question again, but in more specific form. What could Canada do to influence the arms race for the better in relation to its present predicament over Star Wars? The alternatives seem to be to accept Star Wars, reject it, or muddle. Since the heat is on from Washington and the Mulroney government wouldn't dream of rejecting, in reality the option is accept or muddle — and muddling is just another form of acceptance.

If Canada can't find the courage to oppose Star Wars, one would hope that the government would come up with at least the half-courage to try to thwart it

If we are going to accept, why not with conditions? The condition would be something like this. Canada would support Star Wars only if the U.S. were to make a specific peace proposal to the Soviet Union, and only if the Soviet Union rejected it. The proposal would be of Canada's choosing. It could be an offer of a comprehensive nuclear test ban, for example, which most experts on the subject feel would be a modest but good start towards de-escalation. There is a ban now — but only on above-ground testing. Or it could be a proposal for something else.

Such a condition, imposed by Canada or any other ally of the U.S., might well embarrass the U.S. into making a proposal in good faith, and would pressure the Soviet Union into accepting it.

Whenever the superpowers negotiate with each other, they negotiate to escalate. Star Wars is supposed to be a "bargaining chip" with which to one-up the Russians at the "peace" talks in Geneva. The Russians have their own bargaining chips in the form of massive arsenals. And the

leapfrogging continues.

Bargaining in bad faith has become a grim ritual taking us all to nowhere. It is not good enough for Canada to accept the argument that Star Wars must be supported by all the allies of the U.S. or the American hand at the peace talks will be weakened. Nor is it good enough to swallow the notion that Star Wars is a defensive system of lasers and whatnot rather than an offensive system requiring more missiles. Apart from the fact that hardly any scientist who hasn't been bought off believes the thing will work, there's the fact that it is being presented in a hostile and warlike manner. No gizmo is going to secure peace. Only a will to peace will secure peace.

A year ago, when former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was shuttling between capitals on his peace initiative, it seemed to me that there was little value in it, but that there might be much value in a concentrated effort by the non-nuclear nations to mediate between the superpowers.

Trudeau's efforts would have been better spent organizing the non-nuclear states than going solo. I wrote to then-External Affairs Minister Allan MacEachen suggesting this. He wrote back: "Although your proposal of joint action by a 'third force' of non-nuclear states has a certain attraction, in the end I am not persuaded that it would be the right course to attempt. . . I very much doubt that either of the superpowers would accept such a force as mediator. Also, Canada, as a firm member of NATO and hence aligned nation, would have some difficulty in approaching an ally such as the U.S.A. in the context of a non-aligned group."

Such doubts and constraints, unfortunately, are institutional no matter whether the Liberals or Conservatives are in power. Yet to be "aligned" right now is to be aligned with a frenzied militarism gone mad. The two sides have some 30,000 nuclear devices each. What possible meaning or value can "alignment" have under such conditions?

It is the clear duty of Canada and the other non-nuclear nations to oppose rampant militarism in fact and not just in idle rhetoric. If Canada can't find the courage to oppose Star Wars, one would hope that the government would come up with at least the half-courage to try to thwart it. To oppose the U.S., even occasionally, is not disloyalty to the ideals of the West. It may well be the opposite. ☒

CALENDAR

NOVA SCOTIA

May 9-11 — *Maritime Antique Show*; an antique sale with participants from the Maritime Provinces, Halifax

May 11 — *New Germany/Area Arts and Crafts Show and Sale*: local crafts, New Germany

May 15-Sept. 15 — *Glace Bay Summer Celebrations*: summer-long event with such events as a queen pageant, farmers' market, beach party, seniors' day, Glace Bay

May 16 — *Sydney Harbour Ports Day*, Sydney

May 18 — *River John Bicentennial Lobster Dinner*, River John

May 18 — *Sydney Founders Day*: celebrating the city's bicentennial with a reenactment of DesBarres' landing, statue unveiling, Sydney

May 19-20 — *Charleston Days*: pony pulling, horseshoe tournament, games of chance, dunking pool, suppers and entertainment, Charleston

May 23-27 — *53rd Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival*: sports events, musical events, band concerts, parades, crowning of Queen Annapolis, Kentville and communities throughout the Annap-

olis Valley

May 24-26 — *Festival Acadien d'Halifax*, Halifax

May 26-June 9 — *Scotia Festival of Music*: performances and concerts by young artists and masters, Halifax

June 1 — *Annual Kermesse Bazaar*, Dalhousie University Campus, Halifax

June 1-Oct. 15 — *Glooscap Country Bazaar*: handcrafts, farm produce and home baking, Economy

June 1 — *Spring Fling Bazaar*: sale of books, white elephant items, baking, handcrafts, artwork and entertainment, Bridgewater

June 7-9 — *Centennial Spring Festival* — Kejimikujik National Park — nature walks, interpretive programs, canoe instruction, displays, camping and picnicking, Maitland Bridge

June 7-9 — *St. Anne's Church Annual Picnic*: children's parade, fair, dance and lobster supper, Lake Echo

June 9 — *Creignish Lobster Dinner*, Creignish

NEW BRUNSWICK

To May 28 — "*The Prime Ministers/William Ronald*": an exhibition at the New Brunswick Museum, Saint John

May 2-31 — Paintings and drawings by Helen Shideler-Hill, Saint John. Held at the City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John

May 3-5 — *Acadian Craft Festival*, Moncton

May 4-12 — *Diploma Show* — New Brunswick Craft School. Held at the National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

May 9 — *Miss Perth-Andover Beauty Pageant*, Perth-Andover

May 17-18 — *Maritime Band Festival*, Moncton

May 17-19 — *Bicentennial Weekend*, Saint John

May 20 — *Victoria Day Harness Race*, Fredericton

May 23-26 — *Festival of the Arts*, Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton

May 31-June 2 — *Francophone Festival*, Fredericton

June 1-2 — *Spring on the Farm*, Kings Landing

June 1-9 — *Grand Bay Days*, Grand Bay

June 1-30 — *Chinese Graphics*, Dalhousie

June 2-9 — *Shiretown Festival '85* — Dorchester

June 3-28 — Photographs by Theaddeus Helownia, Sackville. An exhibition to be held at the City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

May 8-27 — "*Maxine Stanfield, Recent Paintings*"; Confederation Centre

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May 15-June 2 — *"Two Newfoundland Artists; Don Wright and Heidi Oberheide"*: courtesy of the Peter Whye Gallery, Banff. Held at the Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown

May 25 — Students of Charlottetown Music Studio will perform at 8 p.m. in the Georgian Room of the Charlottetown Hotel, Charlottetown

May 29-June 16 — *"Austrian Architecture 1860-1930"*: courtesy of the Austrian Embassy, Ottawa. Held at the Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown

June 2-July 28 — *"Albert Dumouchel, Un Hommage"*: courtesy of

Graphia Studio, Montreal. Held at the Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown

NEWFOUNDLAND

May 10-12 — *Wheels '85* — custom car show, St. John's

May 11 — *Provincial Music Festival*: featuring the winners of the eight regional music festivals, Corner Brook

May 13 — *YMCA Family Field Day and Picnic at Quidi Vidi Lake*: open house, gala fitness evening, St. John's

May 19 — *Sandy Pond Run for Life*: annual three kilometre run as part of National Fitness Week, Terra Nova National Park

May 22-25 — *Carling O'Keefe Cana-*

dian Five-Pin Bowling Championships, St. John's

May 25-26 — *Provincial High School Track and Field Tournament*, Stephenville

May 25-June 2 — *National Physical Activity Week*: including Family Fitnic — a picnic with tug-o-war, parachute games, earth ball games, St. John's

May 26 — *Info Canada '85*: national computer show and conference featuring all types of hardware and software, St. John's

May 27-June 2 — *Annual Fitness Week Challenge*: organized physical activities including mass walks, bicycle rallies, parents and tots fitness classes, bed races, Labrador City

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A discreet inquiry into morals at Bung Hole Tickle



It's my custom to place a finger on the pulse of rural Newfoundland from time to time. I drive out from the suave, swinging, sophisticated capital of St. John's and rusticate. No place serves my purpose better than the historic yet forward-looking little town of Bung Hole Tickle.

My last such socio-economic foray was in late April. As I motored westward through the streets of the city there were signs of spring on every hand. The six-foot snowdrifts were melting with all the speed of the Waterton Lakes Glacier.

Perky little dead cats, defunct sea gulls, discarded chicken boxes and abandoned sherry bottles peeked through the slush here and there, harbingers of a greater lushness soon to come.

At intervals, the sidewalks were spangled with gay drifts of doggie-doo, dormant under winter's mantle since mid-December. My heart soared. It's either that or stick your head in a gas oven.

Out in the country it was colder, cleaner. Crows, ravens and gulls squabbled over the carcasses of Pintos, Mustangs and Ponies. Most of these had perished in terrible blizzards on the long trek south to St. Pete's Beach, Fla.

Midway along the route I halted my motor and stepped out to savor spring's onrush. The air was clear, crisp, invigorating. My fingers froze to my zipper.

Sounds of awakening nature were everywhere. From the myriad ponds and lakes came soft yet unmistakable "clunk-clunk-clunk" noises. Demented trout banging their heads against the ice.

Finally, Bung Hole Tickle was achieved. I stopped on a small promitory overlooking the town and gazed at the cozy habitation spread below me. Just then, from somewhere to my left came a strangled cry of anguish and despair:

"Be the lard liftin' jumped-up, sawed-off, reevin', dyin', merciful, almighty, sanctified Jeeeee-rusalem..." and more to that effect. I recognized it immediately as the voice of one of the town's revered elders, Uncle 'Posh Twaddle.

Though well up in years Uncle 'Posh is still spry and hale. His proudest boast is that he can still read his Bible without the aid of glasses. He drinks straight from the bottle.

I made myself known. "Good day, sir, good day, good day," he replied. "I never should have sold me little pony, Charles, and bought a heap of rubbish like this."

He was struggling with a motor toboggan that had quit. "But surely, Uncle," said I, "that machine must be useful to

you as you gather your firewood, tend your traplines or simply commune with nature."

"Naw," spat Uncle 'Posh. "I've had enough of that old nonsense to last me a lifetime. 'Tis only the younger crowd goes in for that stuff now. I got the 'lectric heat and a mica-wave oven."

"No, what I got this for is if you, say, gets her up to top speed and points her at a knob like that one over there... my son, she takes off in the air like the devil to wing. Gives your liver a nice shakin' up."

"I been livin' in sin for the past year and a half with Aunt Mollie Pritchit. Me youngsters kicked up the big stink about it, threatened to have the clergy on us... poor foolish young mortals"

As I drove him down to town we passed what looked to be a bombed-out suburb. Smoke rose from the ground which was littered with a vast array of furniture... chairs, tables, sofas, stoves, refrigerators. It was the town dump, he said.

"My sonny boy. Everytime the fish-plant goes on overtime there is fellers that guts their living rooms or kitchens completely and takes out all new stuff on the payments. Easy come, easy go."

Judging by the assortment of lightly used goods on the dump, frugality seemed to have fled Bung Hole Tickle for some place like Palm Beach. There was also an amazing variety of motor vehicles in front of many doors. Uncle 'Posh explained.

"No snow last year. No play for the snowmobiles. So the boys made sure they had a good supply of what they call bog- buggies put aside last fall in case. And some four-wheel drives for in between. Can't corner 'em."

I was amazed. The contrast between rampant consumption here and what we hear of poverty, unemployment and despair from the vantage point of St. John's was startling. I asked the old gentleman for his theory.

"Mightn't be every place like this," he said. "But we got the fish and youse in St. John's got the talk. Talk, talk, talk about gas and oil. Ha, talk yourselves a check and see what bank'll cash it."

I suppose I followed him. Maybe not. To change the subject, I asked him how he was doing since Mrs. Twaddle had crossed over.

"Oh, pretty good, my son," he said. "Pretty good. I been livin' in sin for the past year and a half with Aunt Mollie Pritchit. Me youngsters kicked up the big stink about it, threatened to have the clergy on us... poor foolish young mortals."

Before I could ask the question he added: "Pensions, old man, pensions. If we gets hitched in the church they'll cut back our pensions. The good Lord wouldn't want to see good Christian people like we hove off on the welfare."

Merciful heaven! I thought. The little world of Bung Hole Tickle turned upside down. I enquired further about morality.

"Drugs? My dear man, something scandalous. Only last fall the Mounties broke in on a bunch in a summer shack just down the road. Never found nothin'... but you know what they done? There was a Newfoundland dog there and the Mounties sent him all the way to Halifax to get X-rayed."

"Scandalous altogether. Is there no X-rays closer than Halifax? Cheese, Halifax gets it all."

Had this once-tranquil little town changed into a slough of vice, iniquity and greed? Perhaps even to the extent of voting Liberal? All the signs pointed that way.

"The spring election, Uncle 'Posh," I said. "Was there any great swing away from Peckford?"

"Other way around, sir," he said. "We was nearly all for 'em. Figured if we gave him another couple years' rope he'd have enough to hang himself from the moon."

I sighed and shook my head sadly. All the rustic Newfoundland virtues consigned to the Bung Hole Tickle town dump and a mad dash, now, for filthy lucre and la dolce vita. Uncle interpreted my disapproval.

"These days," he said, "envy and \$1.50 will get you a mug of tea." ☒

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